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THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH AMERICA.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S letter to Lord GRANVILLE, written with the sanction of Mr. FISH, removes the doubts which had been raised by the language of the Supplementary Article. If the previous course of the negotiation had been more satisfactory, it would have been evident that the last clause of the Article extinguished the claims which had been formally condemned in an earlier paragraph. If the Senate differs on this point from Mr. FISH, the Article will not be ratified; but it is not at present known whether the two Governments will be able to agree on the wording of the document. If a common understanding is at length reached, there ought to be no practical difficulty in arranging any necessary adjournment of the arbitration. Whether the result of the litigation will be the establishment of friendly feeling between the countries is still uncertain, for the dispute on the Indirect Claims has confirmed the American people in their conviction that a large amount of damages will be recovered by the owners of vessels or of cargoes which were destroyed by the Confederate cruisers. It is highly probable that a decision in accordance with the facts and with the law will cause profound disappointment; but it is not necessary to anticipate the result of the arbitration which may now be regarded as possible. Again and again it has seemed hopeless to preserve or rekindle the dying spark, but it has at length assumed a brighter appearance. The final impulse has been given by the motion and discussion in the House of Lords, which induced Lord GRANVILLE to invite an explanation from the American Minister. There can be but one opinion of the expediency of dropping the debate; and notwithstanding the result, it would perhaps have been better if the House of Lords had been contented to exercise patience for a few days longer.

The debate will be examined in the United States for the purpose of finding in it arguments and admissions which may be used against England; and those who for any reason wish to break off the negotiation will not fail to quote any passages which may indicate that one House of Parliament profoundly distrusts the Government. It was hardly worth while to make the conventional statement that the object of Lord RUSSELL and his supporters was to strengthen the hands of Lord GRANVILLE. A formal direction to a Government engaged in a negotiation, avowedly founded on a suspicion that vigilant supervision is necessary, implies a want of confidence. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is in part to blame for any embarrassment which may be caused by the motion and debate. His explanations on Monday last were elaborately confused and ostentatiously evasive; and the vehemence with which he repudiated the assumption that he could communicate any information was not calculated to satisfy the House of Commons or the country. It would be absurd to expect that a Minister should give an explicit answer to every question which may be asked; and perhaps there may be advantages in the ambiguous and circuitous form of reply which renders it unnecessary to give a direct refusal to curious inquirers. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was a master in the art of keeping his own counsel, deceived neither himself nor others when he sometimes declined to pledge himself to refuse to take a subject into consideration on the proper occasion. Lord PALMERSTON turned off troublesome questions with a joke which plainly conveyed to the House his serious determination not to allow his hand to be forced. Mr. GLADSTONE never jokes, though he excels PEEL himself in the power of circumlocution; and there is always a risk that while he baffles his opponents he may at the same time impose on himself. His speech on Monday might have been intended for a retraction of the pledge that the Indirect Claims should not

be submitted to the Geneva tribunal. It would have been expedient to satisfy a doubt which may perhaps have been unfounded by a distinct repetition of the pledge which has been repeatedly given. The latest opinion of the law officers, and the case to which it was an answer, might also have strengthened the plea for delay, if it had been clearly explained in either House. Lord WESTBURY on a previous day recommended Lord GRANVILLE to submit to the law officers the question whether an arbitrator was, in default of instructions from the parties, bound to exhaust the matter of reference. When Lord GRANVILLE directed a case to be framed in the very words which had been suggested, Lord WESTBURY courteously observed that another proof had been given of the inanity of the Government. It may be presumed from Lord GRANVILLE's statement that he had been advised that an arbitrator was not in all cases bound to exhaust the matter of reference. General SCHENCK's assurance has now superseded the necessity of the Joint Note of which Lord GRANVILLE spoke on Monday. No arbitrator is entitled to adjudicate on any question which is not submitted to him by both the parties; and the English agents will now be able, in the improbable contingency of a dispute on the question, to prove that the claims are not presented by the American Government for consideration. The only issues which they can try are, first, whether the English Government failed in the discharge of any duty with reference to the cruisers; and, if the question is resolved in the affirmative, what damages, if any, have been incurred on account of each separate vessel. The failure of performance of the duties of a neutral cannot be determined by an inquiry into its consequences; and if, in opposition to the best opinions of English lawyers, the Arbitrators should decide that there has been any failure of duty, the damages would be limited to the pecuniary claims preferred on behalf of the United States. Nothing in the Treaty would justify a hypothetical award of consequential damages.

A singular and unfortunate error in a date seems to have been the determining cause of Lord RUSSELL's refusal on Monday to withdraw his motion. One of Mr. FISH's despatches, written on the 4th of May, before the Supplementary Article was framed, bore in the published copy the date of the 14th. The correction makes the despatch less unintelligible, for it was difficult to understand how Mr. FISH could accuse the English Government of a covert attempt to attain the object for which alone they have been openly contending. If the despatch were anterior to the proposal of the Supplementary Article, their tenor is strictly consistent with all Mr. FISH's previous communications. In his impulsive manner Mr. GLADSTONE assured the House of Commons that the despatch had not been communicated to the press by any member either of the Executive Government or the Senate. Lord GRANVILLE more cautiously stated that the publication was not the act either of the PRESIDENT and Cabinet or of the Senate. It is perfectly certain that some member of one of these bodies must have betrayed his trust, and it appears that the Senate has been making some inquiries on the subject. General SCHENCK prefers the statement that the publication was due to the enterprise of the press, which in American parlance would mean that the *New York Herald* had paid a handsome price for the document. As the Senate has not hitherto been supposed to be liable to pecuniary corruption, it seems more reasonable and more respectful to believe that the despatch was published for the purpose of breaking off the negotiations; and it may be admitted that the proceeding was well calculated to accomplish its object. The disturbance of Lord RUSSELL's satisfaction with the Supplementary Article caused the delivery not only of his own speech, but of the unseasonable arguments

of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS, and of the attack of Lord SALISBURY on the Treaty itself and on the proposed Arbitrators who have been selected. The English Commissioners would perhaps have preferred a different selection; and it may be presumed that the Americans insisted on Brazil for the fanciful reason that it was on the Western side of the Atlantic, and on Switzerland because it was a Republic. It is not open to England after accepting the tribunal to question its competence, and it is unlucky that a protest against an undue extension of the reference should be accompanied by an vindious criticism of the qualifications of the arbitrators.

Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS will have done much to confirm the Americans in their belief that the Indirect Claims were, according to a plausible interpretation, covered by the Treaty, and that they were not waived by the Protocol. In his earnest advocacy of the American version, Lord CAIRNS boldly declares that the only amicable settlement for which the claims were to be waived was the proposed payment of a gross sum of money. Lord DERBY added the weight of his authority to the contention that the "claims generically known "as the *Alabama claims*" might be construed as including the indirect claims in dispute. Lord WESTBURY, who has in all previous discussions on the subject taken an active part against the Government, seems to have been convinced, either by the opinion of the law officers, or more probably by his own mature reflections, that the Supplementary Article would prevent the Arbitrators from exhausting the reference by an inquiry into any claim for consequential damages. The effect of Lord GRANVILLE's argumentative and forcible answer to Mr. FISH will be greatly weakened by the damaging admissions of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS. It might perhaps have been prudent in the first instance to reply to the outrageous pretensions advanced in the American Case that the English Government would not proceed with a reference to which it had never intended to consent. As a different course has been pursued, it is unlucky that two principal members of the English Opposition should adopt Mr. FISH's view, and improve upon his arguments. A few days will decide the fate of the Treaty; and in the meantime it is useless to record the many untoward circumstances of the negotiation.

FRANCE.

THE wearisome nature of the details of current French history is apt to disguise the very great novelty of the experiment in government that is being made in France. Affairs are now managed there in a fashion to which there is no parallel. The Executive Government is very powerful in its own sphere. It controls the whole administration of the country; it conducts foreign affairs almost without any control being exercised over it. Considerable personal respect and deference is shown to it, or at any rate to its Chief. But it is not supported by any majority in the Assembly. The Assembly and the Executive are two independent powers which treat with each other as if on equal terms. So long as it was believed that M. THIERS was indispensable, he could, in the last resort, force the Assembly to yield to his wishes. But it is generally understood now that M. THIERS, though very useful, is not indispensable; and if he chose to resign, his resignation, it is thought, might be accepted without the country being thrown into confusion. On all matters of great importance the Assembly acts entirely for itself. It frames projects of law, and passes them or alters them without paying any serious attention to the wishes of the Government. M. THIERS is believed to retain all his old prepossessions against universal military service; but he has to look on in silence while the Assembly is passing clause after clause of a Bill obliging every Frenchman to serve for five years in the national army. General TROCHU, with great reason as it seems to us, has in the last day or two made a powerful speech against this long term of compulsory service, and thinks that three years ought to be the limit. But it is to the Assembly, not to the Government, that he addresses his arguments. Again, the Budget of 1873 is soon to come on for discussion, and a Committee of the Assembly has been appointed to examine and report on it. M. THIERS is a Protectionist of the old school, but three-fourths of those appointed by the Assembly to sit on the Budget Committee are Free-traders. The Assembly will really frame the Budget for itself, and it will in all probability frame it on principles diametrically opposite to those which the Government is disposed to favour. No contrast could be greater than the contrast between such a state of things and that which obtains under Constitutional Monarchies like

England. Here the Government frames all important measures, and if it cannot carry a fair proportion of the measures it proposes, it vanishes altogether and gives place to a Government better able to carry what it thinks ought to be carried. In the United States the Executive and Legislative powers are quite distinct; but the Executive and the majority of the two branches of the Legislature are elected by and represent the same political party. The Executive as a general rule works in harmony with the Legislative power, because the two powers proceed from the same source and are responsible to the same set of persons. In France the Assembly and the Executive stand apart from each other, and are under no other responsibility than that imposed by the fear lest they should become so unpopular in the country as to provoke a civil war or a *coup d'état* that might upset either or both of them. The Assembly is a legislative body, and it legislates; it not merely approves and amends laws, but it frames and originates them. The Executive is the Executive; and it sets itself resolutely, and with very great success, to oppose any invasion of its province on the part of the Assembly. It is true that two such parts of a great governing body cannot wholly stand aloof. M. THIERS tries hard very often to get the Committees of the Assembly to adopt his views, and on many questions the action of the Assembly is largely determined by the preliminary exercise of the PRESIDENT's influence. Every now and then he speaks in the Assembly, and his opinions have there all the weight that they would in any case have as the opinions of M. THIERS, and something more in virtue of their being the expression of the views of the PRESIDENT. The Assembly, on the other hand, has prevented the Government from making Paris once more the seat and centre of administration, although perhaps the decision of such a point is strictly a matter within the province of the Executive. Still, although there may be exchanges of influence of this sort, and compromises may occasionally be imposed by the one power on the other, the essential features of this very novel and interesting experiment in governing are untouched, and the Legislature and the Executive each move in their own path.

Whether this curious state of things is destined to endure, whether we have something new, and at the same time of permanent value, in political life in this co-ordination of independent powers, as to which the received opinion of theorists has hitherto been that either they must be impelled by the same springs of action, or else one of them must be subordinate to the other, it is far too early as yet to say. It is more important for the moment to watch what are the present effects of the political arrangement; and these effects may be spoken of in very favourable terms. The moderation and good sense both of the PRESIDENT and of the Assembly have visibly increased since their relation to each other has been defined, and it has been recognized what part each has to play. If there were two things on a profound knowledge of which M. THIERS especially piqued himself, they were finance and the art of war. He had perfectly persuaded himself of the truth of the theory that what is good for England is not the same as what is good for France in finance or in anything else, and that it is the speciality of France to thrive best under Protection, just as he does not for a moment deny that it is the speciality of England to thrive best under Free-trade. He has written a history of the Great NAPOLEON, and has fought the battles of that eminent person so well on paper that he can scarcely realize to himself that he did not fight them in actual life. Yet M. THIERS has learnt to sit smiling and patient while the present rulers of France adopt principles of finance and military arrangements which he thinks totally wrong. The Assembly has improved immensely since it felt it had real power to use, and that, if it used it in a moderate manner and consulted the wishes of the country, it might within certain limits have its way and rule. The Assembly of to-day is almost another Assembly from that which met at Bordeaux. It is even very different from the Assembly which met after the autumn recess last year. It is not distracted by party intrigues. The schemes for the immediate restoration of Monarchy have died away. The Orleanists and the Legitimists of the White Flag no longer affect to settle the terms on which they shall make France their own. M. ROUCHER has had his say on behalf of the Empire, and has gained nothing by saying it. The Assembly is beginning to recognize the sway of distinct leaders. The Duke of AUMALE, the Duke of AUDRIFET PASQUIER, General CHANZY, and M. GAMBETTA have made their eminence felt, and men look to see what they have to say. The main reason of this happy change is that the Assembly has got real work to do, and feels the

bracing and tranquillizing influences of having to do real work. To decide how France shall maintain its financial equilibrium, and to remodel the national army, are two as grave matters as any set of men could be engaged in considering; and the Assembly has not to criticize, to reject, or to amend schemes of dealing with these grave matters—it has to deal with them itself. It cannot shelter itself behind the name of the Government, and throw all the blame of bad measures on M. THIERS. It has to act, and to act under a very great sense of responsibility; and the consequence is that it listens very readily to any one who has really got anything to say to it that is worth hearing; and it will listen to objections which it thinks are worth attending to. M. GAMBETTA, for example, who objected very strongly to a clause in the Army Bill providing that in certain cases the authorities might defer the time at which young men should be obliged to begin their service in the army, and who justly urged that such a provision would open the door to all kinds of jobbing and political favouritism, got such important modifications introduced that he declared himself almost satisfied. He wanted still further modifications, went to a division, and was beaten by a large majority. But the noticeable thing is, that he who was a year ago described by the PRESIDENT as a raging madman, is now listened to, speaks most rationally, gains some points, loses others, and has risen, or sunk, as people may choose to call it, to the position of a useful and influential member of a working body.

With regard to no subject is the growing moderation of the Assembly more conspicuous than on matters connected with religion. If men can be rational and moderate about religion, they can be rational and moderate about anything. In England there are many excellent and worthy persons who rise up and lie down every day in the profound belief that the working of the 25th section of the Education Act is the only really important subject of human interest. If such is the feeling as to the green wood of English Nonconformity, it is easy to conceive what must be the feeling as to the very dry wood of French Ultramontanism. But the Assembly is evidently impressed with that which impresses all laymen who have practically to decide on questions connected with religion, and that is the enormous difficulty of knowing what to do in such matters, and the wisdom of acting slowly and cautiously in so fiery a region of politics. The Bishop of ORLEANS during the progress of the Army Bill made a very eloquent speech in favour of religious instruction as the basis of the education of the young soldiers of France, and of the necessity of imbuing the army of the future with a grave, humble, reverential, and Christian spirit. He, like many other Frenchmen, recognized and acknowledged how different was the stamp of the Prussian army in this respect from the stamp of the armies of the Second Empire. But if he chose to ignore the main and fundamental difficulty which besets all action in France with regard to religious education, his hearers could not ignore it. The Bishop wishes the education of the army to be religious; he says that the Prussian army was more religious, or at least had been more drilled into religion, than the French, and that this was one cause of the easy defeat of the French army in the late war. As a general proposition, the great majority of the Assembly would of course agree with him, and would say that religious education, being the best basis for life in general, is also the best basis for the life of a soldier in particular. But when it is asked what is meant by religious education, then the answer in France is that religious education means education given by priests on the principles of the Syllabus. But these principles are directly opposed to the principles on which modern society in France or elsewhere habitually and avowedly acts. The case of Prussia, so far as Prussia is a Protestant country, is totally different. There is no collision between the religious and the political teaching of Protestants. They have got their own way, which Roman Catholics pronounce to be a foolish and illogical way, of reconciling religion with modern thought. But nobody in France has got any such way, and most Frenchmen would heartily despise the notion of having it. The consequence is that religious education after the Ultramontane pattern cannot be favoured by the Assembly without the Assembly at the same time dreading lest the youth of France should be brought up to hate all the principles on which the Assembly itself is habitually acting. And yet the Assembly has no wish, and certainly has no power, to take education in France out of the hands of the priests. The consequence is, that the Assembly has done the best thing it could do. It has listened, held its tongue, and gone on to work at some humbler subject which it could treat in a satisfactory manner.

A year ago the Bishop of ORLEANS would have roused the frantic passions of the Whites and the Reds. Now he is listened to in respectful silence, and then the Assembly turns to practical work. An Assembly which can have thus improved may fairly be said to have forgotten something and learnt something since its career began.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.

TWO months are all that is left of the Session, and the notice-paper of the House of Commons leaves but little doubt how these two months will be spent. The Scotch Education Bill at present stops the way, and is likely to stop it for some time longer. When that is disposed of the Mines Regulation Bill has to be considered, and a measure affecting such powerful interests is not to be easily hurried through Parliament. The approaching expiration of the Act which regulates the trial of election petitions explains the importance assigned by Mr. GLADSTONE on Monday to the Corrupt Practices Bill, and Mr. Justice KROEN's manifesto at Galway will give every Irish member something to say on the merits of the system which it is proposed to make permanent. A good many nights will have to be devoted to Supply, which is already greatly in arrear, and one or two of the questions arising out of Supply are calculated to provoke considerable debate. When due precedence has been given to all these subjects, what are the chances of the Public Health Bill becoming law this year? The inquiry may not have much interest for politicians, for sanitary legislation has nothing to do with party contests, but it has very great interest for the nation at large. Every year that passes without any adequate provision being made for the universal supply of pure air and pure water means so much added to the preventable mortality of the country—it means, that is, so many more women left widows, so many more children left orphans, and, as the inevitable result, so much additional pauperism. A prince who allowed his territory to be wasted by invaders, when he had the power to prevent it, would rightly be held guilty of the blood so unnecessarily shed. What shall be said of the nation that allows its territory to be wasted by disease when it has the power to stay the enemy's hand by legislation?

It is true no doubt that there are some exceptional difficulties in the present case. The Scotch Education Bill might, in the nature of things, have very well been postponed to the Public Health Bill; but Scotland has had some reason to complain of Parliamentary neglect, and it is of the highest importance that no one of the three kingdoms should have any just cause to feel aggrieved in this respect. The Mines Regulation Bill deals with evils resembling in one main feature those against which the Public Health Bill is directed. Human life is as much endangered by preventable accidents under ground as by preventable diseases above ground, and in the case of the miners there has been an understanding that some law for their protection shall be carried through this Session, which operates as a virtual pledge on the part of the Government. The Corrupt Practices Bill has an equal claim of another kind on Ministers. It would be an act of conspicuous carelessness to allow the machinery for trying election petitions to wear itself out by lapse of time without taking the necessary steps for its renewal. Thus the position of the Public Health Bill, and the improbability of its becoming law this Session, which results from that position, is perfectly explicable. It is nobody's fault, and everybody's misfortune.

If the Mines Regulation Bill had not already found its way into the House of Commons, the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to introduce it in the first instance in the House of Lords. Indeed it is hard to say why, when Mr. BRUCE took to lightening his labours by sharing them with Lord KIMBERLEY, he did not make over this measure to his colleague rather than the Licensing Bill. If some part of the Government programme must be abandoned, the Licensing Bill would be as little missed as any. Supposing the choice to lie between the Licensing Bill and the Public Health Bill, we suspect that in the long run the latter will do more to prevent drunkenness than the former. If we can make people healthier, accustom them to breathe a better atmosphere, and free them from some of the pestilential surroundings with which in their present homes they are too often familiar, one great source of temptation to drink will be taken away. The Public Health Bill could not have been introduced in the Lords. It is a measure proceeding from and embodying the experience of an aggregate of departments, and as such it must be kept under the eye of the Minister who has the charge of those departments. But the Mines Bill is a measure of a

wholly different kind. It introduces no new principle; it simply makes existing legislation effective. If this had been taken out of the way the ground would have been clear in the Commons some time sooner than it now can be. The Public Health Bill would have stood third instead of fourth in the list of Government measures, and at this time of year the difference between third and fourth is probably the difference between passing and not passing. Unfortunately, however, this easy way out of the difficulty is already closed. While a Bill is still in the brain of its author it can make its first start in either House. But when once the Government have made their choice there is no possibility of reversing it. The Mines Regulation Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, and in the House of Commons it must stay till the Third Reading bids it go up higher.

Supposing, then, that the press of other business makes it impossible to pass the Public Health Bill in its integrity, can any compromise be devised which shall be preferable to giving it up altogether? To the success of such a compromise two things are necessary. The maimed Bill must ensure some appreciable part of the advantages which would have accrued from passing the entire Bill, and it must not contain any provisions which are likely to be hotly contested. It is possible, we think, to reduce the Public Health Bill to proportions which shall conform to both these requirements. As it stands, the Bill does three things:—it creates new local sanitary authorities; it invests these new authorities with new powers; and it gives the central authority certain additional facilities for compelling the local authorities to do their duty. Out of the ninety clauses of which the Bill consists, not much fewer than seventy deal exclusively with the second of these three objects, and it is upon these clauses that most of the fighting is likely to take place. Every line, for example, of the clause which prohibits the putting of polluting liquids into streams will be hotly contested. That some clause of this nature is urgently required in the interests of the public health is undoubted, but in all probability the attempt to pass such a clause at the end of a Session would be fatal to the Bill which contains it. But the clauses constituting the Board of Guardians the sanitary authority in all rural districts, and the Town Council, the Improvement Commissioners, or the Local Board, the sanitary authority in all urban districts, and vesting in these bodies all the rights and powers now exercised by the existing sanitary authorities, might, so far as appears, be carried without much difficulty. This of itself would be a very great improvement on the existing state of things. It would create in every district of England a single sanitary authority armed, under the Acts already in force, with very extensive powers of looking care of the public health. No doubt experience has shown that these powers need to be supplemented. But experience has also shown that when the existing sanitary authority is disposed to make full use of its powers, it can do many things which are ordinarily left undone. The effect of creating a single authority in every part of the country would probably be to bring a good many districts into that comparatively healthy condition in which a few at present are. Amongst the Boards of Guardians there are a fair percentage who do their work well as regards the relief of the poor, and who will be equally anxious to do it well as regards the care of the public health. At present they are not the sanitary authority, and consequently their good intentions go for nothing. If they are made the sanitary authority, we at least secure that the sanitary laws as they stand will be well administered. If therefore these clauses were detached from the Bill and carried through by themselves, some substantial gain to the cause of sanitary improvement would be effected at once—a gain which, like the Local Government Board Act of last year, would redeem the Session from the charge of barrenness as regards sanitary legislation. If, in addition to this, the clauses giving the central authority additional powers to make the local authorities do their duty could be passed, a further gain would be secured; and as these clauses do but carry out in forms, in some respects less startling, a principle already admitted, there is a fair chance that they would not be seriously opposed.

THE KOOKA EXECUTIONS.

THE official despatch in which the Government of India passed judgment on the executions that followed the Kooka outbreak last January has at last reached England, and it is possible to see exactly what were the reasons on which that judgment was founded. The facts of the case were apparently as follows. On the 15th of January the Kookas, a

sect half robbers, half fanatics, made an attack on the small Mussulman settlement of Malehr Kotla. They were repulsed without difficulty, and Mr. COWAN, the Deputy Commissioner charged with the immediate superintendence of this tiny native State, on his way to the scene of action on the 16th found that so completely was the attack at an end, and so ready the support afforded by the neighbouring native princes, that he telegraphed to the Bengal Government that no troops were necessary. He also telegraphed for leave to execute four men by way of example, without trial. Mr. FORSYTH, Commissioner of Umballa, his superior officer, was at Loodiana on the 16th, and sent a note to Mr. COWAN telling him to keep or send all the prisoners to a fortress called Sherpur, and announcing that he was coming on to Kotla with all despatch. Mr. COWAN on the evening of the 16th reported to Mr. FORSYTH that tranquillity had been completely restored, but that he proposed making a great example in order to inspire terror. Early on the 17th a large number of prisoners arrived from Sherpur, and the impotence of the whole movement is strikingly attested by the circumstance that these prisoners had surrendered to a force of six men. Without having received any answer to his request to the Government to be allowed to execute four men, and after having received Mr. FORSYTH's directions to send the prisoners where they could be kept in safety, Mr. COWAN, entirely on his own responsibility, proceeded in the afternoon of the 17th to execute without any form of trial forty-nine of these prisoners, many of them wounded and helpless men, by blowing them away from guns. After a great part of this barbarous work was finished, but while six or seven men still remained alive, Mr. COWAN received positive official orders from Mr. FORSYTH to proceed only in due course of law. Nevertheless Mr. COWAN, thinking it would produce a bad impression if he seemed to hesitate, had these remaining six or seven men shot away. Without authority and without trial he executed more than forty men the day after he had declared that tranquillity was restored, and he went on to execute six or seven more, in spite of the direct prohibition of his superior officer. On the 18th, Mr. FORSYTH received intelligence of these executions, and suddenly his whole tone was changed. He wrote to Mr. COWAN as follows:—"My dear COWAN—I fully approve and confirm all you have done. You have acted admirably." On the same day he also learnt that the native authorities of Kotla had tried after their fashion and condemned to death sixteen more of the prisoners, and he immediately gave the necessary assent to their summary execution. He afterwards states that certain native officials had strongly pressed on him the wisdom of firmness, and that he had gathered information which pointed to the insurrection being of a more serious character than had at first appeared. But he allowed that his main reason was that he wished to back up Mr. COWAN. A wholesale execution had been carried out in order to produce a particular effect, and he was not inclined to spoil the effect by saving the lives of sixteen Kookas. He therefore added his sixteen to Mr. COWAN's forty-nine, and he and his subordinate hoped that the natives around would be duly and wholesomely impressed by the execution of a grand total of sixty-five Kookas.

The Government of India comments on this extraordinary transaction in language to which no exception can be taken. No doubt Mr. COWAN and Mr. FORSYTH acted for the best, according to their lights at the time. They thought the occasion an admirable one for reading the wild people of the North-West a lesson which they would not quickly forget. They both appear to have been much influenced by the fact that not long ago twelve murderers of a kindred sect had been executed in due course of law, without the Kookas having benefited by the example. The law would not suffice, and therefore they must have recourse to something stronger than the law. This was their defence, and this was the ground of the severe censure the Government had to pass on them. As they thus raised a point of supreme importance in the administration of Indian affairs, it became necessary that the Government should settle it for them, and for the instruction of all its officials. The reign of England in India is a reign of law, and the law must be assumed to be strong enough for all purposes. Of course, if these men had been cut down while fighting had been going on, or in an attempt to resist the capture of themselves or others, there would have been no more to be said. Their deaths would in that case have come about in a perfectly lawful way, quite as much as if they had had a trial lasting for weeks and had then been executed. It is also possible that if an insurrection of

a virulent and dangerous character had been going on, an act otherwise unjustifiable might have been justified as an act of war. Or, if it had been impossible to guard the prisoners, and they had been endeavouring to force their way out, it might have been necessary to use very strong measures to prevent such an attempt succeeding. But none of these elements of justification were discoverable in the Kooka case. Both Mr. COWAN and Mr. FORSYTH honestly allowed that the insurrection was totally at an end long before the executions were ordered. The prisoners were as helpless and as harmless as so many sheep. There was not the slightest reason whatever to apprehend any new danger. The executions were not a measure of self-defence in any way; they were simply and solely meant to show people of the Kooka stamp that it would not do for them to break the spell of English law. They were authorised on grounds which habitually determine the conduct of a great many Governments in the world. To execute in a very terrible manner sixty-five helpless men in order to create a general panic is exactly the policy which would naturally commend itself to high officials in Turkey or in Tunis. Something of the same sort may indeed be said of much more civilized Governments. Hundreds of perfectly innocent men were seized and shipped off to Cayenne under the Second Empire, in order to strike terror into the Republican party, and hundreds of helpless people of both sexes, many of them entirely innocent, were shot down last year in the streets and suburbs of Paris, after all danger from the Commune was over, in order to give the Reds a lesson. What the Indian Government says in the most forcible and explicit language is that such proceedings may do for other Governments, but will certainly not do for it. The law, and nothing but the law, must prevail in British India; and the Government explains what it appears some of the officials require to have explained to them, that to do right on this head is to pursue the best and wisest policy. The English in India are but a handful of foreigners, and they rule not only because, though few, they are strong, but because they convince the innumerable millions they govern that they rigidly adhere to the rules of justice. The choice is between terrifying a few Kookas and alienating the vast mass of the people. Unless we can govern India by resting on the law, we had much better clear out of it for our own sakes; but it is certain that sooner or later, if we govern in any other way, we shall be forced to leave it.

So far therefore as regards the general mode in which the Indian Government has treated the Kooka case, nothing could be more satisfactory. It has laid down rules of a sound and wise policy, and has freed itself from all suspicion of an inclination to think lightly of a departure from those rules, even though those whom it has to censure have otherwise shown themselves excellent officers, and have been led astray by nothing but an excess of zeal. But it is very difficult to account for the great difference of punishment which it has awarded to Mr. COWAN and to Mr. FORSYTH. Mr. COWAN has been dismissed the service. This is a very heavy punishment. It cuts a man off in his chosen career; it makes him forfeit all that he has gained by long years of honourable exertion; it makes it exceedingly difficult for him to gain his bread for the rest of his days. It deprives him of occupation, honour, hope, and almost of subsistence. Possibly it was not too heavy a punishment. It needed a severe example, and one that would not quickly be forgotten, to make the servants of the Government understand the fundamental principles of British rule, and to convince the natives that no one, of whatever rank, will be suffered to set those principles at nought. Such was the punishment of Mr. COWAN; and what was the punishment of Mr. FORSYTH? He was a Commissioner in the Punjab, and he is now a Commissioner in Oude. This is literally all the punishment he has received. He has lost neither rank, nor occupation, nor a day's pay. All that has happened to him is that the Government records its opinion that he ought not again to be employed where, as at Umballa, he had to act as the adviser and regulator of small native States. That is not considered to be his line. His line is something more in the Oude way, where his independent judgment is likely to be less taxed. So far as any reason is given for this curious diversity of punishment by the Government, it is attributed to the fact that Mr. FORSYTH did not actually go beyond his legal powers, whereas Mr. COWAN did. Mr. FORSYTH had the legal power to ratify the decision of the native authorities, while Mr. COWAN certainly had not the legal power to blow forty-nine men out of guns. But this is a very technical mode of looking at the matter. The real

offence which they both committed was the violating in a public and signal manner the cardinal maxim of English rule in India. Mr. COWAN blew forty-nine men out of guns, but when Mr. FORSYTH, his superior officer, heard of the proceeding, he at once pronounced it admirable, and stated that he heartily approved of it. The next day, after some time for reflection had gone by, Mr. FORSYTH virtually signed the death-warrant of sixteen men more, not because any proper means of discovering their guilt had been taken, but because he wished to go on producing wholesome feelings of terror, and to show that he was ready to stand by Mr. COWAN. Neither of them had acted otherwise than in honest, though most culpable, error. Either of them might in all probability make a most useful public servant in another part of India. In a court of law possibly Mr. COWAN might be held more responsible than Mr. FORSYTH. But the Government did not deal with the case as a court of law would. It had to punish two officials who, at the cost of many lives, had shown a total want of apprehension of the right principles of governing, and it punished the inferior official in the very severest manner it could, while it did not punish the superior officer—who, of the two, was the most called on to know how government should be conducted—in any way that can be called punishment at all. It rebuked him, and that was all. It rebuked Mr. COWAN, but then it also stripped him of everything. Either Mr. COWAN was treated too severely or Mr. FORSYTH too leniently, and it is to be regretted that the appearance of injustice thus created should have in some degree diminished in India the force of that appeal to the high principles of justice which was made in so vigorous and dignified a manner by the Indian Government in its general remarks on the case.

SPAIN.

THE loyal and peaceable inhabitants of Biscay profess to be extremely indignant at the amnesty which has been granted by Marshal SERRANO to the Carlist insurgents. It is admitted that the rank and file of the rebels may be advantageously pardoned; but the professed friends of the Government argue that the guilt of the chiefs, especially of the priests, deserves severe punishment. It is not improbable that SERRANO may have been influenced by the clerical character of some of the chiefs. Although it may be plausibly contended that the clergy are more blamable than other promoters of civil war, the feelings and prejudices of the people might have been dangerously excited by the execution of a dozen priests. The Carlists will probably hereafter boast that the Government was afraid to provoke them to despair; but surrender, even on the most favourable terms, may be regarded as a confession of defeat. The rebellion, though it seems never to have been formidable, might have become extremely troublesome; and it is not surprising that the Commander-in-Chief, especially at the moment when he had become Prime Minister, should prefer the pacification of the disturbed provinces to the execution of penalties which may perhaps have been merited. The insurgents have done nothing to justify a movement which could only have been excused by a possibility of success. The Pretender and his brother, though they at one time entered Spain, have wholly disappeared; and, according to a probably unfounded rumour, one or both of them is dead. It may be hoped that they are at least convinced that it would be wanton cruelty to engage their adherents in another insurrection. The Duke of MADRID may be excused for entertaining youthful illusions which have probably been fostered by those about him from his infancy. It will be well for him to have learned that nations in modern times, even when they care little for an actual Government, cherish no irrepressible yearnings for the return of their legitimate and august masters. The heir of the old French dynasty more wisely contents himself with occasional proclamations of his willingness on due invitation to resume the government of his dominions, and to hoist once more the white flag of his ancestors. In both countries the partisans of indefeasible royalty form but a powerless minority. It is also probable that, even in the most backward provinces of Spain, industry and prosperity have perceptibly encroached on the domain of internal war. A moderate amount of comfort disinclines a man to the hardships of fighting, even if he happens to be exceptionally indifferent to danger. At the same time that a large class is becoming devoted to peaceful pursuits, the changes in the practice of war have rendered almost impossible the resistance of undisciplined bands to regular troops. In the petty campaign which has just ended the insurgent bands seem to have been uniformly beaten, and the small amount of their losses indicates their anxiety to

retreat as soon as possible whenever they found themselves in presence of the enemy. The victory was almost too easy to justify the titles and rewards which will probably be bestowed on SERRANO.

It remains to be seen whether the early suppression of the rebellion will have the effect of seating King AMADEO more firmly on his uneasy throne. It is something to have proved that the Carlists are not formidable adversaries, and to have ascertained that the Republicans, though they may coalesce at elections with their bitterest enemies, are not yet prepared to engage in a joint insurrection which, if it were successful, must of necessity be followed by a civil war between the victors. The army also has, in a trifling campaign, proved its fidelity to its colours, and it may probably feel some additional attachment to a cause for which it will be assured that it has performed glorious achievements. The political conditions of the country are not in themselves reassuring. Since the accession of the KING and the death of PRIM, no Ministry has survived for many months, and during the expedition to the North SAGASTA has followed the example of his numerous predecessors. It is not understood on what grounds he satisfied himself that he was no longer able to resist his opponents. He had represented a coalition of the moderate parties, but the Progressists who originally followed his fortunes discovered that they would be excommunicated by their party if they persisted in their schism. On the other side, ZORRILLA, who had served with SAGASTA and under PRIM, became more and more ready to ally himself against his rival with the extreme parties, not excepting the Republicans. It is said that, on the fall of SAGASTA, the leader of the Opposition has simultaneously retired. SAGASTA naturally professes to support the new Ministry, which includes some of his colleagues and followers. For the first time since the September Revolution the Moderates or Conservatives have undertaken to form a Government of their own; nor can it be disputed that they include among their number some of the most popular and respected politicians in the country. SERRANO has always been considered a man of honour, though he was at last driven into rebellion against the QUEEN. As head of the army he has no rival commander to fear; and he has the advantage of having for some time held the highest rank in the State while supreme power was exercised by PRIM under the title of Minister. Admiral TOPETE is also a gallant officer and an honest politician, though he was one of the most pertinacious opponents of the selection of the Italian candidate. As long as it was possible to maintain the struggle TOPETE openly avowed his devotion to the Duke of MONTPENSIER; and it is said that the Montpensierists have coalesced with the supporters of the QUEEN's son, on the understanding that he shall be declared heir to his uncle, and probably that he shall marry his cousin. Nevertheless TOPETE may be trusted to maintain his allegiance to the reigning KING as long as he holds office in his name. It is something to find a Spanish statesman who is not a mere adventurer; and probably both SERRANO and TOPETE regard the maintenance of order as more important even than the choice of a dynasty.

In the first changes of his Administration the KING, full of the constitutional theories which he had studied, was careful to examine the comparative Parliamentary strength of the incoming and outgoing parties. On one or two occasions he formally consulted the Presidents of the two Chambers; and he more than once refused to accept resignations which were tendered. By this time he has probably learned that constitutional government is but imperfectly established in Spain, and that he may consider himself fortunate if he can find Ministers capable of governing on any terms. If he remains on the throne, he will probably find it necessary to take a more active and personal part in public affairs, and to govern as well as to reign. If he could win the affection and confidence of the army, he might probably become comparatively independent of contending factions; and there is at present no reason to suppose that he would abuse any power which he might acquire. Incessant changes of Government may be tolerated, though not admired, in an Australian colony, where legislation and government occupy but a limited province, and where there is at present no genuine difference of political opinion. In Spain they imply the determination of all parties to pursue their respective interests without consideration of the permanent welfare of the country. A Parliament which is incapable of dividing itself into two or three defined sections is, as King AMADEUS has more than once told the Cortes, not capable of controlling a constitutional Government.

The discussions in the Cortes seem to become more and more intemperate, and a motion of ZORRILLA and MARROS for a censure of the conduct of SERRANO is said to have pro-

duced "a terrible scene." There is too much reason to fear that the Parliamentary system will be permanently discredited in Spain by incessant violence and intrigue. Revolutionists of a modern school which would prefer an undefined kind of intellectual despotism are already using as an argument against the English Constitution the failure of some of its foreign copies. The alternative is likely to be rather military government than any more refined form of absolutism. The exultation of Republicans and admirers of universal suffrage at the weakness of the Spanish Monarchy is utterly shortsighted. If a Republic were established in Spain tomorrow, it must derive its title from some popular Assembly, which would immediately reproduce the factious dissensions of the Cortes. During a short revolutionary period the dominant party may, as in the case of the French Convention, succeed for a time in preserving the show of representative government, while it at the same time suppresses opposition by force. An attempt to establish a Reign of Terror in Spain would instantly result in civil war, which again would terminate with the supremacy of some military leader. It was the misfortune of Spain as of France to pass without an interval from absolute monarchy to a form of government in which the popular will was supposed to be supreme. The consequence has been in both countries that loyalty to persons and to Constitutions has disappeared in the midst of incessant changes. It would probably be better for Spain if FERDINAND VII. had never altered the BOURBON rule of male succession, or if in later times the misgovernment and personal scandals of Queen ISABELLA had been tolerated or restrained without any form of dethronement. Plausible sneers at traditions and political fictions are best answered by reference to the example of countries in which the most approved methods of government have been deliberately selected. No community seems capable of permanently worshipping an idol which it has deliberately manufactured for itself. The best thing which could happen in Spain would be the consecration by lapse of time of the title of the present KING.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THIS House of Commons was in a soberer mood on Thursday than on the night when, amidst the wild cheers which announce an unexpected Opposition triumph, it decided to reverse the educational policy of 1870, and to make the State directly responsible for religious instruction in elementary schools. It is the weak point of general resolutions that they have afterwards to be carried out by particular amendments, and matter of fact discussions in Committee have a strange power of tempering theological zeal by political discretion. It would have been extremely inconvenient to the Conservatives if, by forcing the withdrawal of the Scotch Education Bill, they had pledged themselves to settle the question on principles which, however dear they may be to a mythical Scotch people, have the inconvenient characteristic of being rejected by the great majority of Scotch representatives. The pleasure of seeing the Government landed in a ditch, which may have kept some Liberals from voting against Mr. GORDON's Resolution, can never be trusted to secure their absence when it is no longer possible to plead ignorance that their votes are wanted. The result of these various influences was seen in the majority of forty-four which reversed the former decision of the House, and left the religious difficulty to be settled by the School Boards. If the people of Scotland are resolved to have the Bible and the Shorter Catechism taught in every parish school, they will have no difficulty in giving effect to their wishes. A national majority is made up of local majorities. The interesting feature in Thursday's debate was the desire shown by Dr. BALL and Mr. HARDY to reserve to themselves the right of being inconsistent. Dr. BALL would not "pretend to say that if this were not a Bill relating to Scotland he would altogether support the course proposed" by Mr. GORDON. Certainly it would have been idle to pretend anything of the kind. Dr. BALL has had a principal share in accustoming us to the curious spectacle of the same men being Denominationalists in England, advocates of the universal teaching of a single creed in Scotland, and Secularists in Ireland. He would have all religions taught in one of the three kingdoms, a particular religion in another, and no religion in the third. Dr. BALL would have been better advised if he had ended his explanation at this point, and not gone on to say that, "if they were to have regard to the feeling of the people of Scotland, he believed they should adopt the amendment." The feeling of the people is a very useful phrase for an Irish Conservative

when discussing Scotch education. It invests what he says with an air of candour and impartiality, and marks his noble superiority to local prejudice. But he ought always to have in view the day when he will be asked to extend to his own country the charity which has begun abroad. Mr. HARDY had a different difficulty to deal with. Mr. GORDON had done his best to show that his amendment was not really a move in favour of dogmatic religious teaching, but simply in favour of Bible teaching. Mr. HARDY cares far too much for religion, and has far too clear a conception of what teaching religion means, to have any faith in such a distinction. Accordingly, though he voted with Mr. GORDON, he took care to explain that he did not think with him. He repudiated all sympathy with unsectarian religion, and declared that religious education was impossible unless it was based on some definite set of tenets. So that Dr. BALL, who dislikes dogma, supported the amendment "because it excluded dogmatic teaching"; and Mr. HARDY, who values dogma, supported the amendment, although his former colleague had just declared that it was "simply a homage to the Scriptures"—in other words, to unsectarian education.

The Bill is indebted to Sir E. COLEBROOKE for the importation of one of the most valuable characteristics of the English Education Act. The cumulative vote, as applied to the election of School Boards, may be defended by arguments quite distinct from those which are employed to justify its application to Parliamentary elections. A School Board has none of those accidental securities for the representation of minorities which are afforded by the constitution of the House of Commons. In the latter case the minority in one constituency is the majority in another, and as the House is made up of representatives of all the constituencies taken together, the aggregate minority has a certain rough assurance that it will be able to make its influence felt. But a School Board, except in a few large towns, is composed of representatives from a single constituency, so that if the minority cannot obtain a representative under the cumulative vote, it can never be represented at all. It is no comfort to a Roman Catholic minority in a Highland parish to know that in some Southern borough their co-religionists have been able to subject a Protestant minority to a similar exclusion. What it wants is the power to protect itself against local oppression, and nothing but some approach to proportionate representation on the School Board will confer this. Whatever form the education of the country may ultimately assume, the necessity for the cumulative vote will remain. If the School Boards had to administer a purely secular system, a religious minority would need to be represented in order to ensure that it was really secular—that it gave no advantage to the religion of the majority, while professing to leave religion altogether alone. In Scotland it is even more essential than it is in England that religious minorities should have this protection. The number of School districts in which a distinctively Presbyterian education will be given will probably be very large, and Roman Catholic parents will have no confidence in the fair working of the conscience clause unless there are Roman Catholics on the School Board. Nor is it only on theological grounds that the cumulative vote ought to be retained. Minorities, as Mr. FORSTER said, may be worthy of representation on educational grounds. An undiluted reproduction of the poorest and most ignorant ratepayers is not likely to favour enlightened theories of popular education, when enlightenment means, as in the first instance it usually must mean, an increased expenditure. In this respect also it is important not to lose sight of the distinction between the House of Commons and a School Board. In the former case the object to be attained is not only the good government of the people, but the good government of the people by themselves. In the latter case, the object is the education of the people, and the participation of the people themselves in the process is only important so far as it is a help to the attainment of this object.

A great part of Monday's and Tuesday's debates was given up to the consideration of details which have little interest except for Scotchmen. The Government were certainly right in refusing to surrender the administration of a large Parliamentary grant to a body not responsible to Parliament, and the concession made by the LORD ADVOCATE seems to ensure that the Scotch Education Department will be kept fully acquainted with the opinions and wishes of the Scotch people. Mr. GORDON defended his proposal to limit the creation of School Boards to towns on the ground that it only carried out the principle of the English Act, which "was to supplement educational means where they were deficient, and not to destroy or supersede those already in existence." But

the parish schools of Scotland differ altogether from voluntary schools in England. They are supported by a charge upon property, and any improvements that are effected in them must be accompanied by an increase, and as a necessary consequence by a redistribution, of that charge. The adoption of the amendment would have introduced an anomaly to which there is no English parallel—the existence side by side of two classes of rate-supported schools under two different systems of management. Mr. GORDON did not explain how he proposed to carry out the compulsory clauses of the Bill without the intervention of School Boards. So far as is apparent from the notice-paper, he would have left these clauses as they stand, in which case their operation, as modified by the amendment refusing School Boards to country parishes, would have been limited to towns. Perhaps Mr. GORDON would not have been sorry to have virtually destroyed compulsion by a side wind.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON MONARCHY.

IN an Essay on Monarchy in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON gives his Republican friends nearly the same advice which was not long since offered in a more angry spirit by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Through the greater part of the article Mr. HARRISON adopts an ironical or humorous manner. Notwithstanding his preference for Republican forms, he has a kind of lingering sympathy with the traditions of Royalty; and of the present occupant of the throne he always speaks with personal respect. He only loses his temper when he refers to the *Saturday Review*, which in this instance at least has always been juster and more dispassionate in its appreciation of Mr. HARRISON'S character and ability. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH recommended a postponement of the attack on the Monarchy, because he thought it easier and more desirable to commence with the destruction of the Church and the House of Lords. In his vehement dislike of both institutions he accused the English clergy of combined cruelty and meanness, and he charged the aristocracy with the vice of gluttony, on the authority of a scene in *Lothair* where a fantastic nobleman proposes to eat breakfast before going to bed after sitting up all night at a ball. Mr. HARRISON confines himself for the most part to his immediate subject; and while he strongly disapproves of the permanent maintenance of English Royalty, he deprecates impatience for change, on the plausible ground that the revolution is in substance accomplished already. "In the truest sense of the word," he says, "this country is and has long been a Republic, though a most imperfect Republic, it must be allowed. The Republican form, the object of such hopes and of such fears, is important enough, but it is, after all, a matter of administrative adjustment." A calm discussion of the advantages and disadvantages which might ensue if the form corresponded to the alleged fact is perfectly legitimate. It was not permissible to raise the discussion in the presence of a large and ignorant audience on the frivolous pretext of the pecuniary cost of the Court. Mr. HARRISON wastes some eloquent indignation on the inflated language in which conventional loyalty lately found expression. If a community "in the midst of Republican realities retains a monarchic pageant," it is not to be expected that all writers and speakers should either agree precisely with Mr. HARRISON in his distinction between substance and ceremony, or rigidly abstain from the assumption that all parts of the Constitution are equally real. The nonsense which American politicians of all parties talk about the unerring wisdom of "the people" is as insincere as the most eloquent commentaries on Royal processions, and it is more mischievous. It is unsafe to affirm any general proposition as to the morality and utility of political fictions. In the historical change from living organisms to fossils it is difficult to ascertain the exact point at which vitality becomes extinct; and it sometimes happens that the original mould has adapted itself to a new and vigorous growth. Institutions which have been gradually and unconsciously transformed have the great merit of deriving their character from natural causes. Mr. HARRISON complains that the real ruler of the State is deprived of a part of the dignity and power appropriate to his position by the accident of his bearing the title which properly designates the Minister or servant of the reigning king. If the objection is well founded, it furnishes a practical argument in favour of a Republic; but it may be questioned whether a Master of the Palace or a Peishwah is practically embarrassed by the existence of a mysterious superior in the background. The Japanese, who seem to have a sounder political instinct than any other

Eastern nation, lately effected a revolution by disinterring their nominal Sovereign from the august seclusion in which he and his sacred ancestors had vegetated for several centuries. In the meantime the unquestioned rights of the Mikado had never prevented the Tycoon from exercising the functions of government.

The gravest reason against a formal revolution is the uncertainty of the alternative which might be substituted for Constitutional Monarchy. In the first instance it would seem that the decapitation of English society and political organization would leave below it a commonplace copy of the United States or the colonies; and an America or Australia without a large proportion of land to the population would be an unpromising experiment. To some observers the recent illustration of the spirit of American diplomacy would alone render the prospect of an English Republic of the same type intolerable; and there is no security for the maintenance in England, under the supposed conditions, of the order and material prosperity by which the United States are happily distinguished. Mr. HARRISON justly asserts that "there is no necessary connexion between Republic and ballot-boxes, stump oratory, and the rule of the masses. Nothing is more mindless than the common assumption that there is no Republic possible but that of our American brethren. Every sinister feature of their public life is due to the fact of their national origin, not to the fact of their having a Republic. We, however, here repudiate that as the type of the Republic, of which it is in many respects a very inferior example." "The present writer," Mr. HARRISON says again, "has never confounded Republic with democracy. It is not he or his friends who would teach the people the Gospel of Equality, or the Revelation of Universal Suffrage. It is not they who have held up the United States as the eternal model of a Republic, for in many things we hold it to be one of the worst." It is scarcely worth while to inquire whether an ideal Republic would be preferable to the present English Constitution. It is perfectly true that great and orderly Republics, exempt from instability and from vulgarity, have been found historically possible; but the ideal models of Republican parties in the present day are either the United States or the Paris Commune. Refined philosophers dream of nobler forms of political society; but the physical force which could alone realize their aspirations would be wielded by democratic agitators. The political artisans long for the equal division of property; while Radical Dissenters would be content with the abolition of establishments, of rank, and of titles; and Irish demagogues would endeavour to combine the theories of Papal Rome with the practice of the city of New York. Whatever may be the case with Mr. HARRISON and his friends, the bulk of English as of American Republicans, while they dislike the pageantry of the Crown, abhor with far more genuine earnestness the participation of gentlemen in public affairs. The Convention which the other day rejected the candidature of Mr. ADAMS because he was thought to be a statesman and an aristocrat, faithfully represented one of the ruling principles of American politics. The Gospel of Equality and the Revelation of Universal Suffrage have become inseparably associated with the name of a Republic. All that portion of the community which desires that political and social elevation should in some degree coincide has, like the Athenians and the Romans, a prejudice in favour of hereditary rank which is found not to be incompatible with the recognition of personal eminence. It is by a sound instinct that the opponents of modern democracy attribute political value to alliance with a dormant Royalty. In Mr. HARRISON's eloquent words, the Queen "who occupies the throne of the great Normans, of the EDWARDS, of ELIZABETH, of CROMWELL, of WILLIAM of ORANGE, the successor and kinswoman of heroes, receives a halo from the glories of that historic seat," and the friends of the imperfect social and political order which at present exists cannot afford to dispense with the influence of the Crown on the popular imagination.

It is natural that Mr. HARRISON, as an earnest advocate of sweeping social changes, though not of sudden revolution, should wish to establish a closer correspondence between reality and appearance; but, before the old trunks are root-fallen, it is prudent to watch the undergrowth which is ready to take their place. The Socialist, the Jacobin, and the manager of caucuses and primary assemblies are waiting for the destruction of the Monarchy. It is because the danger is thoroughly understood in all parts of the Continent that existing Governments which command neither sympathy nor respect are nevertheless sustained by the common consent of all the classes which have property to lose. The Spaniards have no reason to love either an absolute or a nominally con-

stitutional throne; but they elected by large majorities representatives pledged to Monarchy, when neither the Cortes nor the constituencies could contrive to discover a King. It is probable that France would not at this moment be called a Republic if there had been one dynasty of Pretenders instead of three. Even the anarchical little States of Greece and Roumania deliberately copy the institutions of their neighbours, in the belief that hereditary royalty affords some kind of security for permanence and order. Mr. HARRISON, who calls himself a Republican Conservative, justly remarks that an historic Republic is comparatively safe from revolutions; but a Republic established in England by the only party which desires it would not be historic. It is not perhaps an inspiring task to struggle with little hope of ultimate success against the progress of French or American democracy and universal suffrage; but the efforts to delay and mitigate an apparently inevitable evil are as honest, and perhaps may be as useful, as the bold and comprehensive projects of sanguine reformers. In checking the downward course it may not be dignified to catch at a bramble or a decaying bough; but a more precipitate descent would only reach the bottom sooner. The communities which have the uncontrolled opportunity of taking their own course have everywhere selected a dead level; and their example is not encouraging to those who may be unwillingly compelled to follow them.

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH AND THE GALWAY ELECTION.

IN pronouncing that Captain NOLAN was disqualified to be elected for the county of Galway on account of the intimidation which had been practised by his agents, Mr. Justice KEOGH reserved for the decision of the Irish Court of Common Pleas the further question whether the seat should be given to Captain TRENCH, the candidate who was in a minority at the poll. It was argued by the counsel for the latter that he was entitled to the seat, inasmuch as it was known to most of the electors before they voted that Captain NOLAN was disqualified. It was not only notorious that intimidation was being exercised on NOLAN's behalf, but a formal notice of his disqualification on that account was posted by Captain TRENCH's orders in prominent positions, and was also served on a great many electors. To this the other side replied that, although Captain NOLAN's disqualification was confidently asserted by his opponents, the electors were not bound to believe it until it had been proved before a competent tribunal. The question for the Court of Common Pleas was therefore whether the electors who voted for Captain NOLAN were fully aware of his disqualification, and threw away their votes deliberately, and whether the seat should be assigned to the other candidate. A judicial decision on this question must necessarily turn on a number of technical points; but although there can be no doubt that gross intimidation was practised, it is not certain that this intimidation was essential to Captain NOLAN's success, and that he would not have had a majority without it. It is not improbable that the reason why the priests exerted themselves so strenuously, and above all so openly and demonstratively, as they did, was in order to cast into the shade other causes which might be operating in Captain NOLAN's favour, and to convey the impression that it was above all to themselves that he owed his election. However that may be, Captain NOLAN accepted their assistance, and must bear the consequences of their disgraceful violence. He has lost his seat, but one of his brothers has been chosen to oppose Captain TRENCH at the next election.

Mr. GLADSTONE has been asked what action the Government mean to take upon Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment, and he has answered very properly that they can form no opinion on the subject until the judgment is presented to them in an authentic form. It suits the convenience of the Roman Catholic clergy to assume that the only question to be determined is what shall be done with the Judge who tried the case. Mr. Justice KEOGH enjoys at this moment the agreeable distinction of being the best abused man in Ireland. He has been repeatedly burned in effigy; meetings have been held to denounce his "scandalous judgment," and to petition for his instant dismissal from the Bench; and both in newspaper articles and speeches he has been assailed with a warmth of vituperation and invective which makes his own bombastic periods seem cold and tame. Cardinal CULLEN has taken up the matter, and on Thursday presided at a meeting in Dublin which was intended as a "special manifestation of clerical opinion." An address to the public was adopted, deploring the great scandal of "a Judge, a professing Catholic, clothed

"in the ermine of calm reason and matured judgment," having dared from the Bench to attack the clergy of his Church. The justice of the judgment is not directly impugned. It is admitted that possibly it may be "the stern logical outcome of the evidence," but the Cardinal and his clergy prudently decline to enter upon any argument as to the facts of the case. It is obvious, however, that if the Galway priests were guilty of the conduct imputed to them, "religion has been blasphemed," not by the Judge who condemned these outrages, but by the men who disgraced their cloth by committing them. The object of the agitation is very apparent, and the Government can hardly be simple enough to be misled by it. The Roman Catholic clergy and their partisans naturally resent Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment, and the vehement, and in many respects injudicious, language in which it was conveyed supplies a convenient pretext for attacking the Judge, and distracting attention from the real question at issue. It is suggested that Mr. Justice KEOGH should be required to resign, and Archbishop McHALE thinks it is imperative that an Act which has been used against the priests should at once be repealed. It may be admitted that the prosecution of a number of ecclesiastics, some of them of high rank, for misconducting themselves at an election, would be an unpleasant spectacle for their order, and would establish a precedent which might cause them some inconvenience hereafter. There seems to have been a hasty assumption on the part of the priests that the Corrupt Practices Act was directed exclusively against the landlords.

It is stated that Mr. Justice KEOGH does not admit the literal accuracy of the reports of his judgment which have appeared in the newspapers; but there is a sufficient agreement between them to show that on various points he used needlessly strong and offensive epithets, and that he went out of his way to touch upon matters which he would have done well to avoid. The tone of the judgment is certainly not what in this country would be considered a judicial tone. Much of it is in very bad taste; it is full of irrelevant allusions, and grotesque extravagance of language; and in reading it one is irresistibly reminded of that flavour of whisky and potatoes which is said to have been perceptible even in some of BURKE's most ambitious speeches. It is impossible to deny that the judgment would have been more satisfactory if it had been calmer and more temperate; but judicial eloquence in the sense in which it is appreciated in England is not usually cultivated by Irish lawyers. The literary style of the judgment is, however, a comparatively trifling matter. The really important question is whether the findings with which it concludes are borne out by the evidence. There has been no suggestion that the trial was not a perfectly fair and patient one. It lasted for fifty days, and the evidence which was brought against the priests was altogether irresistible. It is necessary to remember that the arts of clerical intimidation which had been practised at the election were again employed to keep witnesses away, and to deter those who came from speaking out. The court was daily packed with priests, and the witnesses had to give their testimony in the face of men of whose power to injure them they were perfectly aware. The proceedings were diversified by assaults on witnesses who had told too much, and more than once the Judge had to interfere for their protection. It may be assumed that on the whole the evidence presents a comparatively mild version of the intimidation which was brought to bear on the electors, and that it was in reality much worse than it was said to be. But even on this partial and reluctant testimony it is impossible not to see that the priests behaved in the most outrageous and intolerable manner; and it cannot be seriously pretended that men who are officially reported to have been guilty of criminal acts should escape the consequences of their misconduct because the Judge who reports them is not so nice as he ought to be in his choice of epithets. We need not discuss Mr. Justice KEOGH's personal character and political antecedents. In the first place, they have nothing to do with the case, and in the next place, it is evident that the Roman Catholic clergy thought him a very good Judge as long as he did not run counter to their purposes. Indeed it is expressly stated in Cardinal CULLEN's manifesto that it was to the priesthood that "he owed his ermine." The one question of paramount practical importance is whether the facts proved in the course of this inquiry justify the charges which have been made against the Galway priests.

There is one observation which Mr. Justice KEOGH appears to have made, and which has been somewhat unfairly turned against him. He is reported to have said that "no steadier, 'no safer or more legitimate, influence than that of a landlord over his tenant could be used;" and this has been con-

strued into a justification of the landlords' interference with freedom of election. It is evident from the context that the Judge was speaking only of legitimate influence, the influence of the clergy on the one hand, and of the landlords on the other; and he expressly stated that both kinds of influence had their uses, and were not only allowable but desirable. The charges of intimidation which were brought against the landlords who supported Captain TRENCH were of the most trivial kind. One gentleman wrote a letter to his agent which was intended to be read to the tenants, pointing out that they enjoyed many favours which he was not bound to grant, and which he should feel himself at liberty to withhold if they behaved in an unfriendly manner towards him at the election. Intimidation of this description might perhaps be more correctly described as a determination in the future to abstain from bribery, but nothing seems to have come of the threat except the dismissal of a herdsman. It appears also that after the election Lord CLANRICARDE was seized with a prejudice against the loaves of a baker named SNODGRASS. These are surely very small matters. It is evident that landlords in Galway, as in other parts of Ireland, have been accustomed to expect that the votes should go with the land; and that they still think it very hard that when rents are 25 per cent. below GRIFFITH's valuation their tenants should vote against them. The Land Act has greatly diminished the authority of landlords over the persons to whom they let their land; but it would appear that, as a rule, they have hitherto been in the habit of influencing their tenants rather by bribery than by intimidation. Human nature being what it is, it is probable that the attitude which the tenants appear to be disposed to assume towards the landlords will lead the latter to fall back upon their legal rights, and to regard the relation between the two classes as a purely commercial one. How long the priests will be able to maintain the influence which they are endeavouring to wrest from the landlords it is difficult to say. A small farmer who was examined at the Galway trial said he thought that "for 'eternity' the people should place confidence in the priests, 'but for the public welfare in the landlords'; and the reporter adds, that "the evidence of this witness was listened to with great interest, from the fact that he was apparently an humble and uneducated man, from whom such 'comparatively deep thinking' would scarcely have been expected." It is probable that this comparatively deep thinker has not laboriously directed his mind to the philosophy of the Syllabus and of the recent dogma of infallibility; but the Irish priesthood will perhaps discover that by their interference in political affairs they are for the moment increasing their personal influence at the expense of their spiritual authority. What is most bitterly resented in Mr. Justice KEOGH's remarks is the independence of his criticism on the policy of the Catholic Church, and it is evident from Cardinal CULLEN's manifesto that some alarm is felt lest this independence should be shared by a considerable section of the laity.

PLANNING HOLIDAYS.

THREE-FOURTHS of the pleasure of a holiday lie in the planning of it. There are hosts of people who could never get through life at all if it were not for perpetually dreaming of the little breaks of sunshine which enliven it. The tutor clears his way through a quagmire of examination papers by anticipations of the "Long." The serjeant glances at the last volume of the Alpine Club, and plunges with a smile of comfort into his pile of briefs. A whiff of sea air seems to cool the hot brow of the City merchant as a thought of the coming outing floats in upon the worry of the dog-days. The dreariest routine in fact is lightened by the consciousness that a good time coming lies at the end of it. There is nobody who has not some cherished romance which gives a tinge of fancy to his life; the soberest Evangelical dreams of a restoration of the Jews, and even Sir Cornwall Lewis—if fame may be trusted—used to play at governing an ideal kingdom, where everybody knew Greek and lived up to the standard of the highest political economy. What his kingdom was to the hard-headed statesman the holiday is to the hard-headed man of business. When it comes, it comes no doubt in a definite way, and becomes practically as much a matter of routine as his briefs or his day-books. But before it comes it constitutes the romance of his life. So long as he can plan his holiday there is "a sense of something interposed" through all the weariness and drudgery of everyday existence. The bigness and vastness of the world throws its glamour over Mincing Lane. We can go, as long as we are only planning our voyages, just where we like. We read the story of the eruption in the *Times*, and are off in fancy to Vesuvius. A present of grouse transports us to the Highlands. We put down "the Earl and the Doctor," and flit away with a perfect indifference about

time or money to the coral-reefs of Polynesia. And then there is the delicious freedom to change and vary our holidays as we please. Every one knows the terrible sense of compulsion which haunts the actual holiday, the regret which wakes up the moment we are fairly embarked on it, the knowledge which bursts on us of far prettier excursions the moment it is too late to undertake them. But so long as the holiday is a dream we may change it as often as we please. We are troubled with no sense of responsibility, with no difficulties about Johnny's school bills and the balance at the banker's; we have to submit to no humiliating compromises with the leagued forces of the family. The world is all before us where to choose. A moment will come perhaps when the doctor will put a stern finger down on the health-station he has chosen for our prison-house, or when the wife will demur to our favourite haunts as "too dull for the girls." But so long as wife and doctor let us alone we have it all our own way, and it is the sense of having it all our own way which gives such a special pleasure to "planning holidays."

No doubt there are a good many people to whom the notion of planning holidays will seem the very reverse of pleasant—people who pique themselves on having no plans at all, and who linger to the last moment in a flutter of change. Practically such people go just where other people go, and do exactly what other people do, but they hug themselves on the fact that they might go elsewhere and do quite differently if they pleased. And so in all anticipations of holidays they revel in the vague. The least attempt to fix them to a meeting at any definite spot, or to being anywhere at any definite time, is resented as practical and unpoetic. They tell you frankly that they hate "being tied down." One day they are wild about the delights of the Pyramids, and the next day they are button-holing Don Sombrero, and are curious about the climate of Andalusia. With perfect consistency they decline a through ticket at starting, and console themselves in the hour of sea-sickness by resolving to throw over Belgium and take a peep in the Pyrenees. But all this means, not that they are really averse to planning holidays, but that they like to retain as long as they can the liberty of changing their plans. It makes in fact little difference as to the pleasure of holiday-planning whether our plans are definite or indefinite. To the Alpine climber the charm of his anticipations lies in the difficulty and delicacy of the combinations they require. To catch the right guides, to hit the right side of the inaccessible, to seize the right minute for the attempt, are all so many delicate problems which, if he never manages to solve them in reality, give him an exquisite pleasure by their easy solution in his dreams. There is almost a thrill of excitement in contriving how the last week of Sessions may leave us an hour to catch the steamer for Reykjavik, or speculating how to visit the Geysers and still be back at the opening of Term. There is enjoyment even in the elaborate preparations of the systematic tourist, in his choice of the proper places to visit and the proper people to see, in his elaborate inquiries and careful docketing of information, in the number of his jottings from guide-books, and the "hints for investigation" which vary his notes. It is a pleasure which culminates in our plans for the Nile. There is the right moment to start and the right moment to return. There is the wind that blows up stream to a certain day, and the wind that blows down stream with equal perstinacity. There is the name of the one honest dragoman to be got from our friend, a name which our friend is willing enough to give, but reluctant to spell. There is the right donkey-boy and the wrong donkey-boy, the slightest confusion between whom will make Cairo a paradise or a purgatory. We have to learn the dodges of the Reis and the ways of the crew, to be coached as to the extortions of the Sheik of the Cataracts, and the proper backsheesh for Beni-Hassan. Nile-planning is one of the most absorbing sports in the world, whether in the end one goes up the Nile or not. The mere reading for it is a world in itself. Our table is littered with Lepsius and Wilkinson. We know the latest researches of M. Mariette. We are able to air a pretty knowledge of hieroglyphics at the last garden-party of the season. We have our theory of the dynasties, and talk in a patronizing way of pylons and obelisks. Sport, too, throws its enchantment over our dreams. We eye our Manton, and pity the poor creatures who will be lingering about the corners of pheasant covers when we are potting ibises and crocodiles. We inquire at the Zoo' into the habits of hippopotami, and study the vulnerable parts between the bars. It matters very little whether we are never destined to see a hippopotamus or read a cartouche on a tomb. The holiday is as it may be, but the pleasure of planning the holiday remains the same.

To the family man, indeed, the pleasure is more limited than to the bachelor, but then he has pleasures of which the bachelor knows nothing. It is something to see the altered tone of the wife of one's bosom as the holidays draw near. The acerbity, the occasional tone of dictation, pass into a gentle deference and a playful humour. The old contests are waived, and the bugles sound truce even over the grievance of limited allowances or grudged bonnet bills. Peace spreads her wing over a household whose calm is only broken by faint and delicate suggestions of the pleasure of a "holiday together" on the moors, or by fancy pictures of a family circle at Scarborough. A dexterous diplomatist, indeed, may very early in the spring avert threatening storms by casual hints as to the delights of Baden-Baden, or may lure a wretched partner on from stage to stage of submission to his masculine caprice by delusive visions of a winter at Rome. On the other hand, it is only a husband who has to face the difficulty of actually planning the family holiday. No doubt an ingenious person can get a fund

of amusement out of the varying wishes of the members of his household, can pit mamma's longing for Harrogate against his daughter's antipathy to "invalid places," and finally step in at a moment of general exhaustion and carry off single-handed the honours of the day. But, as a rule, he is regarded as the common enemy and oppressor of all. It is his business to be economical, and on the question of economy the British mother and the British daughter are at one. No consideration of expense will reconcile the one to the absence of pleasant partners, or the other to the discomforts of a cheap lodging-house. Sly references to the cost of club life deepen into a storm of indignation over the general selfishness of men, as Paterfamilias discloses his little plan for an autumn settlement at Mudbank-on-the-Sea. The whole house shudders at the thought of anticipated rheumatism, of uneatable dinners and abusive landladies, of months of dulness and boredom varied only by donkeys and shrimps. The obstinacy of the banker who refuses to allow any over-drawing is regarded as a mere ruse on the part of a despotic and hard-hearted parent. Sneers accompany his calculations of the railway fares, and his hints on the advisability of "for once" trying a second-class compartment. The household grimly expresses its wish to stay at home, and refuses to take any interest in planning holidays which are no holidays at all.

But we are not quite sure that even the economical holiday is not better in prospect than the sorry expedient of a round of country visits. There is little pleasure to be got out of a series of perpetual joggings from one house to another, where the only planning can consist in ingenious devices for curtailing one's stay at places that bore one, and avoiding by a dexterous arrangement of dates any possible collision with people whom one hates. The most ecstatic fancy can conjure no sort of excitement out of the prospect of meeting over the table at the manor the faces one is recognizing in Pall Mall, or of lounging down a country lane with the girl who is nodding to one in the Park. That holiday planning of this sort goes on is certain enough, but it is holiday planning of a very low and joyless sort. But even this has lower deep. Holiday planning degenerates into a fiendish infliction when it dies into a touting for invitations, into bothering Lady Bareares for a week at Stomecrop Hall, or jogging the memory of the single peer who in a luckless moment once muttered vaguely how glad he should some day be to see his old school friend at his country house. But it is odd to see with what zest and pertinacity the process is carried on. Former repulses are forgotten, the humiliations of the last vacation are remembered no more. However certain he may be of being invited with the ruck, and cooped up in the dullest of prison-houses with a brace of old dowagers and the country doctor, a "constant visitor" revels in a thousand golden speculations of pleasure, and of the wit and fashion amongst which he is about to figure. He invents repartees which are never called for, and treasures up little anecdotes which are destined to die before birth. He dreams of a round of social successes, of a rivalry for the pleasure of his company, of pressure to "stop longer" and not run away so soon. Perhaps, as we said before, the pleasure is in the dreams themselves. For one month he is a dull, disappointed unit among the people "one must invite." But for six months he has been the favoured guest of the noble and the great. It is something to dream, as the song says, that we live in marble halls. Even if a dry reply to the insinuating little note announces that the "box" is full, it is something to have enjoyed the moors in prospect. A week of anticipated salmon-fishing or a hoped-for battue is perhaps more really enjoyable than six days of wading through Scotch streams with the aid of bare-legged gillies or watching for hours at the corner of a shabby cover. But it must be owned that pleasures of this sort require a robust imagination if they are to be dreamed year after year, and that there are few forms of holiday planning so trying to temper and good taste.

PAGAN ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE ecclesiastical mind of England has of late got plunged into controversies which carry us back to ages which ecclesiastical controversialists must not be allowed to have wholly to themselves. To an exclusively theological view no period of history seems richer than the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Those ages are the very paradise of theological controversy. They are the days of theology in the very strictest sense. The disputes of other ages, say the Iconoclast controversy or the vast mass of controversies which we jumble together under the name of the Reformation, had commonly more or less to do with man's practical duties towards his Creator or towards his fellow-creatures. Even within the time of which we speak, there was one dispute, the Pelagian dispute, which, as having as much to do with the human as with the divine nature, had more in common with disputes of a practical kind. But this was a Western dispute, a controversy between Britain and Africa. The true native land of pure theology is the Eastern half of Christendom, the lands where men spoke the one language which has the power of distinguishing with sharp precision the minutest shades of theological difference. There lay the true home of the controversies of those specially controversial ages; there arose the heretics whose eternal doom we are bidden to pronounce thirteen times in the year; and there arose the giants of orthodoxy who smote off the heads which arose one after another from the crushed, but never fully seared, trunk of the hydra of heresy. The centuries between Constantine and Justinian are a

time so fertile both in heretics and saints that men are sometimes tempted to speak as if none but heretics and saints lived in those days, and as if three centuries and more of the world's history had only an ecclesiastical existence. Or, if men look at those days at all in their secular aspect, they are tempted simply to despise the weakness of the decaying Empire, to turn away from the spectacle of shifting Emperors and invading barbarians, of the rule of eunuchs and favourites, and the ten thousand crimes of the courts of Byzantium and Ravenna. We need not say that this is no adequate view of the true middle ages, of the transitional period of the world's history when the Roman and the Teutonic elements still existed side by side in all their distinctness, and had not yet been welded together into a whole different from either. But it is worth while to see how religious controversies looked in those days in the eyes of that large class who were neither saints nor heretics. The course of history carries us so suddenly from heathen persecutions under Diocletian to ecclesiastical disputes under Constantine, that we are apt to think that all mankind, or at least all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, were actively engaged on behalf either of orthodoxy or of heresy. We are apt to forget how long mere Paganism went on. We are apt to fancy that, as soon as Constantine set up the Labarum as his standard, the whole Roman world followed his example, and that men no longer disputed whether Christianity were true, but only what was the true form of Christianity. But things were far from changing in this sudden way. Everything indeed shows that Christianity was the advancing, and that paganism was the declining, religion. But the advance and the decline were gradual. Down almost to the end of the fourth century it was hard to say which was the established religion of the Empire. Except Julian, every Emperor was a Christian, and it should be remembered that, while Constantine and Theodosius acted as zealous Christians long before their baptism, Julian was not only a baptized man, but had something of an ecclesiastical tinge about him, having in his youth—though, to be sure, he never got beyond his youth—publicly read the Scriptures in the congregation. But, on the other hand, baptized and believing Emperors, both orthodox and heretical, continued to be invested, like their heathen predecessors, with the office and badges of the High Pontiffs of the old religion. It was Gratian who first felt any scruple as to such conformity with a false creed, and his scruple was of evil omen. It was a well-hazarded prophecy, if it was really uttered as a prophecy, that, if Gratian refused to be *Pontifex Maximus*, there would before long be a *Maximus Pontifex*.

But, if Christianity was the religion of the Roman Emperor, it was at least not the religion of the Roman Senate. It is curious, in the fourth and fifth centuries, when the despotic system of Diocletian and Constantine was fully established and when legislation went steadily on the rule that "Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem," to see how the Roman Senate won back again some small portion of its old authority. Even the Senate of Constantinople seems to have acted now and then; but the Senate of Constantinople was overawed by the constant presence of the Emperor. In the West, on the other hand, when the Emperor lived at Milan or Ravenna while the Senate went on in its old place at Rome, it often happened that in sudden emergencies the Conscript Fathers had really to act according to their own wisdom. But, down to the reign of Theodosius, the Conscript Fathers were a decidedly heathenish assembly. They vigorously protested against the disestablishing decree of that orthodox Emperor, by which sacrifices to the old Gods were not forbidden, but were no longer to be offered at the public cost. Later still, when Alaric was at their gates, men fell back, not indeed on the genuine worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, but on some strange rites from Etruria. No other story better brings out the strange mixture of creeds and feelings at the time. The Praefect of the city consults the Bishop, the first bearer of the famous name of Innocent. His answer, if we may trust the spiteful heathen Zosimos, was the most striking example on record of that "habitual sacrifice of private conviction" which some say is the highest duty, if not of a Bishop, yet at least of a statesman. They were to do the idolatrous rite, but to do it privily (*ότι τὴν τῆς πόλεως σωτηρίαν ἐμπροσθέντες οὐκιας ποιητάμενος δόξης λόγῳ ιδύειν αὐτοῖς ποτὶ ἀπεριτασσον*). To understand this answer, whether really given or not, we must remember that to the mind of Innocent the Gods who were to be called on to save Rome were no mere non-existent beings, no mere creations of the fancy. They were devils, living and powerful; the point of the answer is, that the Roman patriotism of the Bishop carried him so far, that he was ready to see Rome saved by the help of devils rather than not see her saved at all. But the sacrifices would have no virtue unless they were done publicly; the Senate went up into the Capitol and did all things decently and in order, but no man, the heathen historian tells us, dared to have any share in their doings.

The revival of paganism under Julian bears its witness both ways. Except that the fires of persecution were not kindled, it has much in common with the reign of Philip and Mary in England. It has much in common with it, both in the ease with which the revival was made and in the ease with which it was got rid of. If men's minds had not been floating between the old system and the new, if there had been a large and zealous majority in favour of either, the change either way would have been far more difficult, whether in England or in the Roman Empire. And when, after the death of Julian, victims are slain, and the usual rites of divination are gone through on behalf of the Christian Jovian, we are reminded of the fact that Elizabeth was crowned

with the old ceremonies, and that mass went on, being said in English churches, till the summer of 1559.

Both in England and in the Roman Empire there were, during the time of change, many zealous supporters of the old system and many zealous supporters of the new. But in the Roman case it should be noticed what a deep effect the new system had on the old. Before Christianity finally uprooted paganism, it in a manner Christianized it. The paganism of Julian was not simply a system of State ceremonies and poetical tales. It had become a creed; it was a system of faith and morals. "Take the history of Zosimos, written in the fifth century, when paganism was fast vanishing. To him the worship of the Gods of Rome was not the subject of playful verse which it was to Horace, nor the matter of state policy which it was to the augur of Cicero. His faith is as firm, his orthodoxy is as rigid, he is as undoubting in his belief in Divine Providence and Divine vengeance as the most fervent disputant on the Christian side. He hates Christianity; but it is not with the blind hatred of earlier times; he clearly has some knowledge of its doctrines, and he even borrows its language in denouncing it. He laments the departure of Constantine from "the right way"—a formula which he must surely have learned from his enemies; he has his confessors of the truth; he has his signs and wonders, his special interpositions for the punishment of irreverence; he has his general theory "De Gubernatione Deorum" in the plural, as carefully thought out and as firmly believed in as ever Salvianus had in the singular. Of Christianity and its professors he never speaks without some expression of sectarian dislike. In short, in Zosimos the Christian disputant met with a fanatical enemy as bitter, and no doubt as conscientious, as himself.

From Zosimos let us go back a generation or two to Ammianus. We conceive that classical purists will cry out if we say that Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian of the campaigns of Julian, has really a right to rank very high, within one or two of the top, among the extant Latin historians of Rome. Between him and Tacitus the gap is filled up with the dreary epitomes of the Augustan History. But Tacitus, as well as Livy and Sallust, is not a writer contemporary with what he writes about. And daring people are nowadays beginning to say that Tacitus wrote with a party object, and is not to be implicitly trusted. But Ammianus was a contemporary, and, in a large part of his story, he was a spectator and an actor, an officer in Julian's army. If we look at his matter, his thorough trustworthiness, his keenness of observation, we might put him in the highest class of writers; if we look at his detestably complicated and affected style, we might put him in the lowest. But what we are concerned with is the way in which he looks at Christianity. In this respect he has pretty well reached the state attributed by Principal Tulloch to Mr. Burton, that of a "pitiless impartiality." He clearly was not a Christian himself; he always speaks of Christianity from the outside; but he always speaks of the religion itself with respect. He clearly felt the sublimity of Christian martyrdom; he speaks with reverence of those who laid down their lives for their faith. He despises the Christianity of Constantius, in whose hands it had become an old wife's fable ("anilis superstition"), but he says that Christianity itself is a "religio absoluta et simplex"—words which are not very easy to understand, but which are clearly meant to be respectful. He strongly blames the pride and luxury of the Bishops of Rome, but in the same breath he bears witness to the simple and useful lives of the Bishops of smaller places. Theodosius, whom Zosimos pursues with all the bitterness of controversial hatred, he calls "princeps perfectissimus." But his strongest expression of admiration is bestowed on the tolerant policy of Valentinian, who hindered the professors of either faith from molesting the professors of the other. Something must be allowed for the different circumstances of the time of Ammianus and of the generation of Zosimos. Ammianus must have written or revised his book under Theodosius; but it may well have been before the public sacrifices were forbidden, in short before Christianity was, strictly speaking, the established religion of the Empire. Zosimos wrote when things had altogether gone against the old Gods. But it is plain that we see in the two writers two widely different lines of thought with regard to the advancing creed. Ammianus is an indifferent philosopher; Zosimos is a fanatical partisan.

Claudian seems to represent a third state of mind. There is indeed something wonderful in the sight of a poet singing the praises of a Christian prince, in the very generation which saw the final triumph of Christianity, not only without introducing a single Christian expression or idea, but with the most lavish use of the machinery of the old mythology. The position of Claudian was different from that of the poets of the Augustan age; it was different from that of a modern poet who drags in classical illustrations. If Virgil and Horace did not very fervently believe in the religion which they professed, at all events neither they nor those about them believed in any other; and they at least did the part of good citizens in professing to believe the religion of the commonwealth. If a modern poet talks of Jupiter and Apollo, no one suspects him of believing in them; his poetical talk about them is consistent with the most devout and orthodox belief in another faith. But when Claudian prays Jupiter and the other Gods to prosper the arms of Honorius, it must have sounded to every devout Christian as a direct invocation of the devil and his angels. This way of putting Christianity utterly out of sight, as if it had never been heard of, is far more wonderful than either the fierce hatred of Zosimos or the cool indifference of

Ammianus. It would be interesting to look through the remains of some of the more fragmentary writers of the same age with the same object. Eunapios, for instance, hates Christianity as fiercely as Zósimos, while in Malchos and Olympiodóros we seem, from such little light as we have, to have calm outsiders of the school of Ammianus.

A far more difficult question is that of the religion of Boëtius in a later, and of Prokopios in a still later, generation. The philosophic Consul and Patrician was for ages looked on as a saint and a martyr, as a theologian who confuted heretics, and who died for his faith at the bidding of an heretical prince. Yet it is well known that the *Consolation of Philosophy* does not contain a single expression of Christian faith or Christian hope, for surely such a phrase as "angelicus virtus" proves nothing at all. It is a speaking fact that when Alfred translated Boëtius for the edification of Englishmen, he had to Christianize him in the process. We feel convinced with Dr. Stanley, in the *Dictionary of Biography*, that the theological writings attributed to Boëtius cannot possibly be the work of the author of the *Consolatio*. Boëtius the Patrician must have been, if not a Pagan, at all events not a Christian. At the same time there can be no greater witness than the writings and the life of Boëtius how deeply Christianity had leavened both the faith and the practice of many who still stood outside the Church as a religious community.

As for Prokopios, the wonderful passage near the beginning of his History of the Gothic War looks as if the contemplation of theological controversies had driven him into pure theism and contemptuous toleration. Christians, he says, were endlessly disputing about the nature of the Godhead. But he holds it for madness to try to define things which the human mind cannot understand. He, Prokopios, is convinced that God is all-powerful and all-good, and he can go no further. As for anything else, let each man, clerk or layman—*xai ipept̄ kai ibw̄n̄*, the reference to Thucydides is obvious—say what he pleases. Prokopios was perhaps a scoffer; certainly he shows no signs of any special devotion. But this passage really only puts in another shape what the pious Salvianus had already said, perhaps without knowing it. The author of *De Gubernatione Dei* would not take upon himself to pronounce that Ulifilas and Athaulf would without doubt perish everlasting. He thought that such good people as the Goths, heretics as they were, would have some chance in the next world. Perhaps his notions really came nearer to those of Prokopios than he would have liked to acknowledge.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

FEW Englishmen failed to be affected by a lively pang of regret when they read the announcement of the death of Mr. Lever. Those to whom he was personally known had to lament the loss of one of the kindest and most vivacious of companions. An immensely greater number regretted the death of a writer whose earlier works are indissolubly associated with some of the pleasantest recollections of their youth. We can never forget the days when we turned from what we were pleased to call our studies to be animated by the rollicking high spirits of those Irish officers and students and squires who played such mad pranks through the pages of *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley*. It is so short a time since we had occasion to speak of the literary merits of his work, and to express the hope, so speedily disappointed, that he had not taken a final leave of his readers, that we shall not now dwell upon the special characteristics of his stories. There was at any rate nothing in them which could rightly cause him a serious regret, and there was a vast amount that had contributed no scanty addition to the stores of innocent amusement in the world. The final farewell to so prolific a writer may, however, suggest a few reflections upon the nature of the intellectual food which is now provided in such marvellous abundance for all persons who can spell out words in print.

Some of the general causes which have contributed to the extraordinary growth of this branch of literature are obvious. Of all forms of literary art, the novel is the one which lends itself with the greatest facility to the expression of every possible variety of emotion. The decay of the drama, upon which so many ingenious theories are put forward, is probably owing in great part to the greater flexibility and easier publicity of this new mode of expression. If Dickens, for example, had lived at any time before the opening of the eighteenth century, he would naturally have become a dramatist. Whether he would have produced better or worse literature is an open question; but he would have been hampered by the necessity of satisfying all the complex requirements of the stage, and he would have appealed in the first instance only to the small circle of London playgoers, instead of reaching at once the whole educated population that can read English. It is no wonder that when the modern novel had been fairly elaborated, and an appreciative audience prepared, it should have speedily risen to a wide popularity. There is nothing that cannot be put into the shape of a novel with perfect facility. A set of stories has been written to illustrate theories of political economy; others develop schemes of political or social reform; innumerable stories are written to demonstrate that the Church of Rome is the Scarlet Lady, that Catholicism is the one system that can satisfy the aspirations of the soul, and that the High, or Low, or Broad Church, or no Church at all, should be the object of our warmest loyalty. A whole army of writers has attempted to

awaken in us a love for the romantic beauties of the past; and another to call our attention to the phenomena which are to be found in different strata of modern society. Sometimes a novel is the cry of distress of some one who finds the world too hard for a sensitive nature; and sometimes it is the calm, photographic reproduction of a set of observations which appear to have been carried on with absolute scientific indifference. Everybody can write a novel, and most unmarried ladies, at any rate, have written them; for novels reflect, with almost equal ease, every possible mood of thought, and every conceivable shade of speculation upon all topics in heaven or earth. People of a pedantic turn of mind are apt to lay down rules for the exclusion of all those varieties of this great genus to which they have personally no liking. They object to purely realistic or purely ideal novels; they must not have novels with a purpose, or historical novels, or novels in which any of the commandments are broken. Something is to be said for some of these restrictions, for, undoubtedly, wide as is the range which novels may fairly take, there are some limits to the sphere of its judicious application. We have not yet seen, though we can easily imagine, a novel intended to teach the rules of arithmetic; but we have shuddered at novels which were evidently intended by nature to be fragments of a dictionary of antiquities or sermons on dogmatic theology, or pamphlets on the currency question. Taking, however, a sufficiently catholic view of the question, and admitting that no aesthetic canon should be inexorably enforced against innumerable varieties of the art, some curious questions remain as to the consequences of its boundless popularity.

The commonest objection to the modern novel results from this extreme facility. Both reading and writing novels is favourable to a flabby condition of the mental fibre. The great mass of fiction lies like a poultice upon the human mind, discouraging energetic thought or severe forms of art. Poetry supposes a certain degree of strenuous effort, and an attempt to rise above the dead level of ordinary emotions, but a novel may preserve the tone of common conversation. A novelist, if conscientious, is conscientious in spite of every temptation to the contrary. He will please his readers and save himself trouble by suggesting problems without taking the trouble really to think them out. If he has the ambition of being a social reformer, he paints the bloated aristocracy and the starving proletariat; and, having made his readers weep or curse, his task is ended. He is perfectly content to give up all questions as to the real cause or the true remedy of social inequality as entirely beyond his province. Even when he keeps more strictly within the purely artistic sphere, he has every inducement to take the laxest possible view of his duties. The general public has the same taste in novels that it has in pictures; it likes something pretty, and cares very little for anything elevated. There is not even a tradition that an English novelist is bound to consult the unities or to aim at harmonious effect. Any rambling story, the looser the better, will do for him, and he may diverge from his path at any moment in search of a picturesque effect or a quaint anecdote. Most novels seem to be made by the simple process of emptying out upon the reader, without any serious attempt at arrangement, a collection of all the odds and ends which the author has picked up in his ramblings through the world. The same faults are of course apparent enough in other forms of art, but the peculiarity of the novel is that it gives them a special sanction. Mr. Carlyle says that if literature had no task beyond that of harmlessly amusing languid indolent men, Scott's novels would have just supplied our needs. He is of opinion that something more is wanted, but the "something more" is certainly a rarity in the great bulk of novels. We fear, too, that it must be added, that novels are apt to become intolerable just in proportion as they take a higher aim. It seems to be almost a necessary condition of great success, that the writer should abandon any distinct moral or philosophical purpose, and be content with such indirect lessons as may be indirectly absorbed by readers in search of nothing but amusement. When we see a gentleman lounging on a club sofa studying a novel by the help of a cigar, or observe the masses of cheap literature at a railway bookstall, and the general proclivities of their purchasers, we apply the formula of supply and demand, and wonder whether an art supported by such patrons can fail to quench the best aspirations of any one who practises it. The vigour with which women have seized this method of delivering their sentiments to mankind has perhaps increased this tendency. It is quite true, indeed, that women have supplied more than one of the most conspicuous exceptions to the general rule that novelists do not take their art seriously. Still, the mass of female writers, whether from their defective education or their social position, or from any natural tendencies of the feminine intellect, certainly encourage an unfortunate standard of art. Whether namby-pamby or sensational, which is merely namby-pamby rampant, they are equally marked by inherent weakness. Thackeray complained that since the days of Fielding nobody had been permitted to paint a man. If the objection was only that the limits of British decorum were a trifle too strait, the misfortune might be borne with comparative equanimity; but there is too much reason for saying that the masculine type of character tends altogether to disappear from our picture. We have that miserable substitute which is composed of an excessive muscular system and a permanent tendency to cant; but the character whom we meet in the modern novel as rarely, as, according to some account, we meet the sound thoroughbred on the British turf, is the fully developed man, with passions and intellect as well as

muscles, and capable of doing something more than making love to pretty young women at an evening party, or crushing a silver cup with his fingers.

By the help of such reflections, it is easy to make out a strong case against modern novelists. Whether their feebleness indicates a general want of social stamina in the age would involve a further and a difficult inquiry. It is obvious to suggest, as is frequently done in such cases, that the persons who now read novels formerly read nothing at all, and that if the study of a sensation story in a railway be not a very elevating form of amusement, it is perhaps better than listening to the conversations which used to take place in the old-fashioned stage-coach. Any gleam of intellectual interest, it may be urged, is better than the blank, barren stupidity which would be produced if people whose appetite is only equal to a washy novel had not even a washy novel to amuse them. Or, again, it might be urged that the great mass of literature at any period must always be of an inferior kind. When we compare ourselves disadvantageously to our ancestors, we really compare the average of our performances with the few gems of real value which have escaped the general decay. Even a modern novel is not more insipid than the now unreadable romances in which our ancestors took a strange delight. The modern article has at least the negative merit of being shorter, which, we may hope, proves that we have become more impatient of stupidity. Without discussing such insoluble questions, we may perhaps admit that just at the present moment the art of fictitious writing seems to be rather running to seed. We have at least one great writer and a good many respectable performers now lingering on the stage. But there is ample room for some man of genius to do what was done for poetry at the beginning of the century—to strike a bolder key, and show that the resources of art are not limited to reproducing commonplace conversations or indulging in impossible eccentricities. To prophesy what shape may be taken by the coming reform, if indeed it is coming, is of course impossible; but there are signs of weariness in our existing school which, we would fain hope, may be the heralds of a change. No writer derives a charm from that exuberance of animal spirits which is conspicuous in Dickens or in Lever's earlier productions. The mine seems to have been worked out; but, as it is really inexhaustible, that can only mean that it is time to be hitting upon some fresh vein of sentiment. Such writers as those we have mentioned seemed to be writing because the world struck them as intensely amusing, and because they could not restrain the utterance of the fresh emotions which it created. Most of our present authors seem to derive their impulse simply from a foregone decision to write a novel, good or bad; but they either take the old paths or make spasmodic efforts to strike out new ones which land them in oddity instead of originality. We grumble steadily, and yet we ought perhaps to remember that the change may be in us as much as in our would-be entertainers; and that part of the charm which the writers of our youth possessed may have been owing to our youth rather than to their writing. Who shall decide? We presume posterity will have that duty, and we wish them joy of the task.

THE RETURN OF THE GOTHS.

If we are not the most cultivated and aesthetic people in the world, it is certainly not for want of travelling. Hordes of barbarians have been arriving daily among us from the South of Europe in obedience to the law which requires them to spend in town the three months of the season. Many persons, no doubt, are under the impression that Italy belongs to the Italians, and that the language spoken there is Italian. A visit to that country during the past spring would have speedily undeceived them. At Turin or Bologna the traveller might have imagined himself to be at Swindon or Peterborough; the scene is one of wild confusion; troops of English and Americans precipitate themselves upon the trains, careless of the claims of previous occupants; hats they sit upon, coats they displace, umbrellas they ignore. Italians conscious of their strange and *dépayé* appearance shrink into the background. The timid traveller wishes for annihilation as he hears a group of six Americans, all under twenty-five years of age, and all apparently unconnected by any ties of relationship, asseverating that "now is the time to make a rush." Daughters fit to and fro in dusty dresses. Fathers hurry forwards and backwards, struggling with bundles containing a stick for every day in the month, the waifs and strays from which would enable them to be traced from city to city. Newly married couples clinging to each other's hands and their travelling-bags, dropping first one and then the other, are trying to find their courier, who is trying to find them. The refreshment-room is full to overflowing, and the Northern tribes gaze with avidity and astonishment at a sight for which their own wildernesses have so little prepared them. The officials, taught by experience that they have no business on the scene, placidly look on, sometimes muttering unintelligible words in a language in which they are never addressed, and which no one professes to understand. Temporary companionship with these excited hosts does not explain the cause of their migrations. Their appetites are superb, so that health cannot be the object in view. Art can have but little to do with it, for they can only just distinguish brick from stone. It may possibly be a natural thirst for information, for in one corner of the

carriage an Englishman is asking what the Apennines are, and whether the inhabitants have been engaged in any war during the last twenty years, which gives rise to much interesting speculation. In another corner a girl is reading Baedeker aloud, not with great rapidity, as a succession of twenty-eight tunnels interrupts the enunciation of as many words. All these heterogeneous elements find themselves at the close of the day in the same hotel, an hotel which they have called into existence, and which, were it not quite insupportable, would deserve the praises lavished upon it. All kinds of conveniences abound; electric bells which ring a quarter of an hour after they are desired, and indulge in spontaneous vagaries in the dead of night; servants who, in their wish to perfect themselves in the pronunciation of the English language, refuse to speak their own and are wholly incomprehensible. The courtyard is a den of omnibuses from which discordant sounds are ever rising; every half-hour fresh loads arrive, disgorging more barbarians and brass-bound trunks, which become more involved in inextricable confusion; the family courier is explaining that nine packages are to be taken upstairs, and seven left below, and spends the rest of the evening in ineffectual attempts to sort the sixteen. The hotel is "famed for its good *table-d'hôte*," and eight greedy persons give up in consequence the seclusion of their own rooms to sit in the gilded barn where dinner is served. The object is to get rid of the unwary guests in as short a time as possible, and the foolish conversationalist may easily find himself three dishes in arrear, causing no inconsiderable detriment to his digestion in endeavouring to hurry through a cold Mediterranean fish, a hash of brains, and mutton that is not mutton, in the five minutes which are allowed him. How many ruined constitutions may not accuse the master "of a recently enlarged and redecorated hotel"? Nor is the night a time for repose; there is an early train at half-past four o'clock, and two Englishmen at three begin to splash about in their portable baths, while the waiter has roused every occupant of the same story from forgetfulness of the numbers of those who were going. The next day brings round the same cycle of pleasures, and the same struggles, until Florence has caught a violent cold, and the Chianti has disagreed with her father, so that they are obliged to remain two nights in some town which deserves the careful study of two months.

The opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has effected a revolution; four or five days is a long time to give to a journey from London to Rome, and there is enough English atmosphere in the latter town to make one doubt the truth of Horace's dictum. "Rome est la ville où l'on aime. Quand on a une passion, c'est là qu'il faut aller en jouir; ou à les arts et Dieu pour complices," wrote one of Balzac's heroines. Could the modern Englishman be forced to soliloquize in the palace of the Cæsars, and explain his reasons for being there, they would probably be of the following nature:—"I came here because I was told I should find all the advantages of an English watering-place, and my country neighbours were going too. I belong to a club where I can discuss the Tichborne case and receive my opinions from my own newspaper. I keep my digestion in order by hunting three days in the week, and if I do not jump over stone walls, at least I do not ride over the hounds. Marsala is very like sherry, much cheaper, and is certainly stronger than I thought it was. My wife and daughters like seeing churches, and I think sculpture very interesting. I have seen sixteen studios, and shall try to get to the Vatican before I go on to Naples." At times, however, he looks sadly depressed. The tropical rain which set in the morning after his arrival goes on for three days without any intermission; the Pincian is reduced to a muddy pulp, the streets are turned into torrents, and only a few archaeologists can be seen on their way to investigate the fifteen churches one under the other at San Clemente. Perhaps it snows or hails, and the traveller may listen to the asseverations of the Italians that such an occurrence has not taken place for forty years; and if it is his first experience of the climate, he may possibly believe them. The Club is damp, and dismal stories are told him. Some fragment of a columbarium has resisted the intrusion of hounds and horses, and an enthusiastic sportsman has broken his collar-bone in full view of the Alban hills. Some one else has been robbed in the Campagna, and four others seized with fever. Of course it was their own fault; what so easy to avoid? You have only to wear precisely the right clothes during every change of temperature, never catch a chill, never expose yourself needlessly to the sun, observe careful rules with regard to diet, obtain excellent rooms on the second floor looking to the south, never be out at sunset, and never get wet; these simple precautions, with the aid of a strong constitution, will enable the traveller to preserve his health at Rome. Full of these and similar details the father creeps in fear and trembling to his hotel, where he finds his wife anxious to know who is the best chemist and who is the best doctor, in case Florence's cold should become worse. They have stood for hours in damp vaults in thin boots; nothing will warm the dingy rooms looking northwards on to a bank of earth about five yards from the windows. Even these cellars were found with the greatest difficulty, and there is no prospect of obtaining better. Crowds pour in every day, filling every available garret, driving from hotel to hotel in search of a bed, not unfrequently in vain. The watering place increases its prices, and pillages its visitors. A modern capital is a charming thing, and the adjuncts of a Court and diplomatic establishments are not without a certain value; but they kill mediævalism as they bring their boulevards with them.

The new street is necessary, is doubtless an improvement, as it destroys the tortuous alleys and decaying buildings; but in its progress it pulls down here a campanile, there a window of the fourteenth century. The sound Liberal who is awakened in the morning by the shrieks of newspaper vendors and by the groans of barrel-organs—for Italy, so prodigal of her favours in this respect to other countries, still keeps a sufficient supply at home—may for a moment regret the consummation of Italian unity, and remember the days when all such noises were forbidden. While one Serene Highness drives over him on the right hand, and another on the left, he may wish to recall the time when the city was not quite so fashionable; when the poor could economize there; when, if the dinners were as bad, and the beef as tough, there were many pleasant people to eat them; and when the gardens of the Ludovisi were not closed—a loss no less irreparable to students of nature than of art. On the other hand, scores of new shops are opened, displaying an endless choice of photographs and mosaics, countless boxes of which are despatched to New York. The influx of ignorant travellers has given rise to renewed activity in the fabrication of works of art, and an unparalleled sale of rubbish has been the consequence. *Hec tibi erunt artes!* All sorts of objects are kept in stock to tempt the amateur, who has not even sense enough to observe that the picture might have been better had the painter taken more pains.

The American is a better prey than the Englishman, who generally possesses at home a select assortment of relics of travel. Most country houses present some indication of Italian tours in the shape of copies, alabaster figures, or marble tables, the collection of some erratic grandfather who however probably saw more and understood far more of Italy than any of his descendants. He went to Rome for four or five months, not for a fortnight; felt that he was in a strange country; inquired solemnly into the habits of the natives, their customs, and their mode of life; made abstracts of the conversations he held; wrote long accounts after the manner inculcated by Bacon; perhaps did "sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travaleth; did upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth." These accounts were published on his return, and were very likely read with interest by the untravelled world. Now hardly anybody takes letters of introduction to foreigners, few of whom indeed speak English with fluency. If the guest is conversant with no language but his own, it may be doubted whether he derives much pleasure from climbing up the hundred steps of some vast palace to find a society which has no characteristics of its own, and whose gossip is singularly like that of any other watering-place. Besides, when Bacon wrote, and our ancestors printed their letters, neither Murray nor Baedeker had published their admirable summaries, and they could have little foreseen the day when Englishmen and Englishwomen, by the aid of a courier, would be enabled to see Florence in three days, Bologna in two, and Ferrara in a single morning. Then the hours were not mapped out for them with a stern hand, and they gave perhaps one or two to the study of what was in those times the prevalent language of the country. Travellers are much too busy in these days to do anything of the kind; besides, what would be the use? The waiters speak American wherever they go; there is no modern literature to read, and as for the classics, Tasso is too dull, Dante too difficult, Ariosto too long, Boccaccio too improper. The result is that not more than one Englishman out of a hundred displays a greater familiarity with the language than is evinced by the question "Quanto?" which he pronounces as he stretches across the buffet and shakes a *brioche* in the face of the alarmed waiter. Were he to stay in a town two days longer than was necessary to see its churches, he would feel that he was wasting his time. Perpetual motion is his destiny. He would be more likely to sleep at Tuxford on his way to Edinburgh than to break his journey at an Italian town where there was no English chemist. Balzac's heroine would hardly find a quiet corner in which she could pursue her studies. "I can't abide Venice, there's no noise nor bustle here," was the criticism of one to whom the avenues of New York presented the acme of enjoyment. Rome will become more crowded and more expensive each succeeding year, and fewer salons will remain open to those who come in search of society. When the dual government which now exists comes to an end, the resident English will be at a loss for topics of conversation, and will be deprived of the opportunity of committing many harmless indiscretions in opposition to the Government of the country, by which they show their interest in politics, even if they do not directly influence the proceedings at the Quirinal.

Travelling of the kind we have described cannot be said to promote a knowledge of the arts or to aid the critical faculty. The family which has seen Bologna in two days, and other towns with similar celerity, returns to England with minds which resemble blurred photographs, and health impaired by the most treacherous of climates. Italy and its enjoyments are for those who leave the beaten track, who content themselves with the spectral hunt in the pine woods of Ravenna, and who learn from the mosaics in San Vitale and San Apollinare how lovely and how simple was the Christianity of the sixth century. Along the Eastern coast they may enjoy uninterrupted quiet, be the sole tenants of some Renaissance palace at Vicenza or Ferrara, watch the lights and shadows on the Enganean hills from Este, and study

Torcello before its restorations are completed. Five years hence few monuments will remain unscraped and unrestored; half the most exquisite treasures in Italy are losing their distinctive character, and the traveller will regret, when too late, that he spent his days in going to meets at the Due Torri, and his evenings in reading English magazines.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

NO visitor to the French Plays can fail to be impressed with the fact that they come from a country in which the drama still holds its place in the national literature, and the dramatists are writers who, in their several degrees, have some respect for the quality of their art and the critical taste of their audiences. This is evidently a state of things which has almost ceased to have a parallel in England since Mr. Macready's management at Covent Garden, and subsequently at Drury Lane. In those days, which now seem so far off, there were excellent companies not only at what were called the Patent Theatres (for we may include Madame Vestris's management at Covent Garden in the epoch to which we refer), but at the Haymarket; and there were dramatic writers, both in tragedy and comedy, whose productions, if not destined to take rank as classics, were nevertheless works of serious merit and intention, and entitled to consideration in a purely literary sense as works of feeling, of imagination, of invention, or of style. They deserved the attention of cultivated critics on other grounds than those of stage effect or theatrical success. Some of them had a noble and elevated aim in the presentation of human passions purified and exalted by the conflict with human destiny, or of an ideal of self-sacrificing heroism or virtue; some gave to picturesque or romantic episodes of history the charm of poetic fiction and dialogue; some threw the genial and kindly glance of the social moralist on the manners and the foibles of the world around them; some satirized the pleasant vices or ridiculed the fashionable follies of the age; some, with a more unrestrained and farcical humour, caricatured the vulgarities of a class or the eccentricities of some new variety of the human species; while some were content to reproduce the everlasting types of the comedy of life. There was not among them all perhaps a ghost of the tragic genius of the Elizabethans, whom they were too prone to imitate, or a spark of the reckless vigour of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, or a smack of the animal spirits of Colman and his contemporaries, or more than a faint suggestion of the fresh and happy animation and tenderness of Goldsmith or of the dazzling brilliancy of Sheridan. But there was something of a literary sense and a literary purpose in their work, and in most cases there was a clear title to originality. Such as they were, they were not adapters but creators; and, to borrow a figure from a French poet, if the cup from which they drank was a small one, it was their own. Since Lord Lytton wrote his last comedy, and Mr. Boucicault wrote his first, they have had no successors on the English stage; and we look in vain for so much as a second Jerrard, or Talfourd, or Sheridan Knowles. The author of *London Assurance* has become a very able and successful "original adapter," or a composer of effects for the scene-painter and the mechanist. Mr. Tom Taylor is scarcely to be pronounced an original dramatist, and Mr. Charles Reade is best known to the stage as a borrower from his own works or from abroad. The regretted Mr. Robertson composed very pretty charades; but charades do not constitute a dramatist. In round terms there is an almost absolute divorce in this country between literature properly so called and the stage. If the Dramatic Authors Society should be disposed to question the accuracy of this statement, let them refute it by a list of their own productions during the last quarter of a century. Perhaps it is sufficient to note the number of English plays of French extraction within this period, and to recall the just but fruitless endeavours of French dramatic authors to establish some sort of direct or indirect claims under a fair Copyright Treaty upon the profits of British piracy. English authors have often and reasonably pressed upon their brethren in the United States the injury and discouragement to American literature which the absence of international copyright has caused by the cheap and plentiful supply of all the latest novelties from the London market. It has probably not occurred to our "dramatic authors" that the literature of the English stage may have suffered a similar disadvantage from the cheap and plentiful supply of original adaptations from the French. At any rate, whatever may be the cause, the result is indisputable. We have playwrights in abundance, but no dramatists to speak of, for the most successful piece of the season, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, will scarcely be cited as an exception; we have any quantity of adaptations, more or less deformed and spoilt in the process, but no native or original dramatic literature. Let us turn to France and contemplate a very different scene, and one which is not calculated to inflame the honest insular self-complacency of the British literary patriot.

Since the great Revolution French dramatic literature has undergone many transformations. In this respect it has shared the fate of the political Government, and followed with fidelity the tastes and manners of each successive epoch in a country where every decade is an epoch in itself. Under the Revolution and the Empire classic tragedy prevailed at the National Theatre under the tutelary divinities of Racine and Corneille. Greek and Roman drapery, with the language of the Court of Louis Quartoze, made democracy heroic and Imperialism sublime. Under the Restora-

tion the classic tragedy survived; under the Monarchy of July Romanticism struck it a blow from which nothing less than the powerful and electric genius of a Rachel could have saved it for a few years of precarious convalescence. The Second Empire could not restore it; even a French public, in spite of all its gaiety the most enduring in the world, could no longer tolerate the solemn Alexandrine platitudes of the classical imitators of Corneille and Racine, declaimed by men in helmets and togas on a stage representing severely classical interior on which the curtain never fell. The public wanted life, reality, movement, and passion, something that would stir the senses and the blood, instead of those bewigged and awful shapes of antique and imperturbable bores. Victor Hugo gave them all this in his dramas, and splendid excesses of poetry and rhetoric besides. Alexandre Dumas (the Elder) gave them the romance or the masquerade of history in cloaks of all colours, heroes and great ladies who broke all the commandments in magnificent costume, and committed all manner of transgressions against the moral and social law in the language of saints and martyrs. Sometimes he showed them the Court life of the old French Monarchy and aristocracy in undress—a life in which all the men were wits and gallants, and all the women were adorable sinners; sometimes he dramatized society as it ought to be in a revolutionary age, and drew the tears of the pit and gallery by depicting in agonizing situations the triumph of unrestrained passion over the prejudices of the Code. He had a host of followers and fellow-workers, who, if not all masters of their art, were more than mere craftsmen, and who worked in a sincerely literary spirit. Perhaps it is owing to the system of instruction, to the comparative limitation of the careers of educated men, to the absence of commercial enterprise and the emigrating spirit, that there are so many young men in France who bring to the stage qualities of style which lend a certain literary *éclat* even to their lightest productions. For example, compare an English burlesque with the libretto of the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* and *La Belle Hélène*; the former is coarse slang and imbecile doggrel; the latter has something of the Aristophanic vein in the audacity of its satire, in its touches of sentiment, in its bitter buffoonery, in the artful negligence of the writing. Scribe, who under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July was the founder and the chief of a school of writers of *genre* pieces, ingenious little sentimental comedies of contemporary middle-class life and manners, was not indeed a master of style, as he was of invention and construction, and it became the fashion among certain critics towards the close of his career, when he was getting out of fashion, to laugh at his "French"; yet there is not a play of his, however slight and trivial in form and substance, that does not deserve a place in the library of French dramatists, and that may not be read with advantage by a foreign student of the language of everyday life and conversation. And the same may be said of his principal coadjutors. Those delicate little comedies and those vaudevilles with *couples* are now completely superannuated; no audience in Paris would listen with compposure in 1872 to a party of ladies and gentlemen interspersing their dialogues with tags of rhyme sung by cracked voices to some old barrel-organ tune. The Parisian audiences of the present day demand a stronger and more stimulating diet. A long course of political disenchantments and catastrophes has made them bitter and uncompromising realists; and what they insist upon in their dramatic literature nowadays is a keen and biting irony, a penetrating and pitiless observation of the minor miseries and absurdities of human life, or a moral lesson in favour of law and order, conveyed under the disguise of the most pungent cynicism. The continual influx of provincial visitors to the capital has no doubt in Paris, as in London, vivified the critical sense of theatrical audiences, and impaired in some degree the quality of the actors and of the dramatists. It is within the last twenty years that this change for the worse has taken place, yet it would be unjust to attribute it to the Second Empire, which has sins enough to bear without being held accountable for the demoralization of dramatic art.

Under the Second Empire four dramatists of considerable power and reputation may be said to have flourished—M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger, Emile Augier, Octave Feuillet, and Victorien Sardou. Three of these indeed had already a nascent reputation before the Empire, but it grew to maturity under the third Napoleon; and the fourth, and perhaps the most renowned of them all, belongs altogether to the Imperial period. It is known that the exemplary author of the *Dame aux Camélias* and the *Visite de Noces* esteems himself nothing if not a moral teacher and reformer, and we believe him to be perfectly sincere in his conviction. M. Emile Augier, although a favoured guest at the Tuilleries as well as at the Palais Royal, satirized unsparingly in his most successful pieces the tendencies and predilections of a dominant party at the Court; the principal characteristics of his plays are a wholesome manliness of moral tone and feeling, and a vigorous grace of style, which amply justified his election to the Academy. His brother Academician, M. Octave Feuillet, also an intimate guest of the Palace, is as decided and sincere a moralist in his own way as M. Dumas the Younger. But his way is different. He shows vice its own features, and sometimes the features are rather too seductive; but he invariably vindicates the social law in the last act by punishing the evildoers, whom, it may be added, he delights to make odious and contemptible, if not ridiculous, even before their punishment arrives. The worst of it is that M. Feuillet generally punishes his virtuous characters also, and has more respect for the probabilities of actual human experience than for poetical justice in his *dénouements*. This would be more

excusable if he showed the slightest respect for probability in his plots, which are usually as fantastic as they are disagreeable. We must except, however, from this remark, a charming little piece, *Le Village*, in which we believe he had the practical assistance of M. Régnier. M. Feuillet is an Academician, and therefore beyond criticism as a writer; but there is enough of fascination in the nervous power and delicate grace of his style to make amends for the moral effeminacy which it often betrays. While we are in Academical company we may here say a word about M. Legouvé, the collaborateur of M. Scribe (an Academician also) in the drama of *Adrienne Lecourteur*. The best writing in that play was always attributed to M. Legouvé, all the merit of the construction being assigned to M. Scribe. There is perhaps not much for either to boast of in the performance, if too severely judged; but no foreign critic who is tolerably well acquainted with the literary language of France will deny it a place in dramatic literature, or dismiss it as the handiwork of a couple of playwrights.

M. Victorien Sardou, however, is the most thorough dramatist by temperament and instinct who has appeared in France since the death of M. Scribe. We are not of course comparing him with the giants of the Romantic school, but only with writers of his own category. In the art of painting we do not compare a Terburg with a Rubens; and M. Sardou is in some sort the Terburg of the modern French stage. Apparently he does not pretend to be a moralist, or rather he is content to be a dramatic writer before being a moralist; but for marvellous ingenuity of construction, infinite dexterity in conducting a complicated plot and disentangling a skein of seemingly inextricable difficulties, and sustaining a rapid fire of easy epigram and unlaboured repartee, and especially of repartee barbed with feminine finesse and shot with a careless but unerring aim, the author of *Les Putres de Mouche* and *Nos Intimes* is unsurpassed. On one occasion, in his drama of *Patrie*, founded on an episode in the revolt of the Netherlands and produced a year before the Franco-German war, he rose to a higher strain of sentiment and passion; in his latest work, *Rabagae*, he has lent the framework of an interesting plot to a double-edged political satire of imitable truthfulness and audacity, and so cunningly contrived that all parties think all parties assailed and insulted by it but themselves. M. Sardou, who, we believe, has old German blood in his veins, has all a Frenchman's lightness of hand; but he hits hard and straight, and we know no play of his in which he hits at random, or in which the moral leaves anything to be desired at the fall of the curtain. We say "at the fall of the curtain" with a purpose; because in the plays of M. Sardou, as in those of his eminent countrymen and contemporary dramatists whom we have named, there are undoubtedly scenes and situations which, if detached from the whole argument of the piece, are of a nature to irritate and alarm the least prudish or squeamish audience. There is an amount of realism in the French dramatic literature of the present time which the public to whom it is addressed evidently expect and demand. Indeed the English play-going public demand it also of their dramatists; but what they get instead is a representation of life unknown to any country or society on earth, and a series of the grossest mechanical sensations, as if the dramatist had borrowed all his ideas and his effects from the "accidents and offences" column of a newspaper. The nature of French dramatists is more moral than mechanical; it does not depend on the carpenter or the machinist, but on the collisions of human passion with the social law. It may be that it is the want of a Divorce Court that makes one particular item in the Decalogue so irresistibly attractive to French dramatists; even British Pharisaism will not suppose that in this respect the realities of French society are depicted by the realism of the French stage. The distinction between the two countries appears to be that on this side of the water we represent in a law court what on the other they delight to imagine on the stage.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

NEW York may be congratulated on having within a short period lost two of its foremost citizens. Fisk was shot a few months ago, and it is perhaps from one point of view an encouraging circumstance that there should be such general reluctance to hang the murderer. James Gordon Bennett has died a natural death, but unfortunately his newspaper survives him. In his own way he was quite as great a man—we are thinking of greatness in its Jonathan Wild sense—as Fisk; but he kept on the safe side of the law, and he was spared the expense of having to share his plunder with the Judges. His career is a conspicuous example of prosperous infamy. An American apologist has suggested that his character might be described as good so far as it went, but "defective." He was shrewd, enterprising, audacious, liberal; "visit him, and you see before you a quiet-mannered, courteous, and good-natured old gentleman, who is on excellent terms with himself and with the world." But beyond that there was a blank. "That region of the mind where convictions, the sense of truth and honour, public spirit, and patriotism have their sphere, is in this man mere vacuity." He was, in fact, an utterly unscrupulous person, who had no desire to do evil for its own sake, but who had made up his mind to push his way in the world, and who was ready to follow any road that seemed to suit his purpose. It was his combination of rare shrewdness and profli-

gate audacity which rendered his example so corrupting and dangerous. When, in the course of some quarrel, his adversary called him a pedlar, he at once adopted the name. He "peddled," he said, in thoughts and feelings and intellectual truths, and he was going in for a wholesale business in the same line. A pedlar has a prescriptive right to call his wares by such names as he pleases, but the commodities out of which Bennett began to make his fortune were, in plain language, obscenity and personal defamation. The *New York Herald*, which he invented and continued to manage to the last hour of his life, was at first an obscene, scurrilous print, sold at a cent, printed by stealth on other people's types, and published in a cellar. The office of the *Herald* is now one of the grandest houses in Broadway; the paper itself is one of the richest literary properties in the world, and it has cast off the revolting grossness of its early years. But it has always been conducted on the same principle—the principle of providing anything that seemed likely to pay, without regard to the moral texture of the article. The justification of the commodity was simply that people were willing to buy it, and Bennett never troubled himself about anything else. He was, as his admirers were accustomed to boast, peculiarly exempt from prejudices. He had no prejudice in favour of filth; he would just as soon sell honest, wholesome literature if more customers could be found for it. The *Herald* in its original form was akin to the *Age* and *Satirist*, except that its nastiness and personalities were more daring and abominable. Bennett, however, was quite shrewd enough to see that this sort of thing could not be made permanently remunerative, and he gradually toned down the open indecency of his journal, at the same time paying great attention to general and especially to commercial news. He had, as we learn from a memoir written by an enthusiastic admirer, studied under Mr. M. M. Noah, an editor of an original and energetic type, and he fully appreciated his master's style. It is stated that Mr. Noah had "a method of publicly calling on certain individuals to pay their debts," which naturally created some commotion in a commercial city. Before Mr. Noah had reaped the fruits of "this remarkable line of policy" he seems to have gone mad, assuming the "insignia of one of the monarchs of the Hebrews," and proclaiming a rendezvous of the Israelitish race at Grand Island, near Buffalo, which put an end to his paper. Bennett was destined to turn the Noahic "method" to more profitable account. It is said that during one of the great commercial panics of New York the *Herald* announced that on a specified day it would publish a list of all the solvent traders in the city, and after that a list of insolvent traders; and there was naturally great anxiety to be mentioned in the one list and to be excluded from the other. Bennett's biographer tells us that he took a broad view of the advertisement question, and insisted upon being paid for all articles and paragraphs which he chose to include in that category. In becoming less flagrantly indecent the *Herald* did not become less noxious to public taste and morality. Bennett saw that it did not pay to scandalize the public too much. He continued to pander to prurient appetites and love of scandal, but in such a way that people should have an excuse for reading the paper. He called the nastiness news, and mixed it up with other matter of a respectable kind. He had seen, he said, humanity depraved to its core, and he proclaimed each morning "on fifteen thousand sheets of thought and intellect the deep guilt that was encrusting all society," but it was all for its good. He justified even the infamous advertisements with which his columns teemed.

Bennett, like Fisk, had a keen sense of the value of notoriety. He kept himself and the *Herald* perpetually before the public. He was systematically aggressive, and occasionally he had to suffer for his insolence and pugnacity, but he never failed to turn it to account as an advertisement for the paper. He was one of the best kicked men in the world, and every kicking was minutely described in his journal next morning for the edification of his readers. Nothing can be more characteristic than the personal narratives of this kind which have been collected by his biographer. "I have to apologize to my kind readers," wrote Bennett on one occasion, "for the want of my usual life to-day. Webb of the *Courier* met me yesterday in Wall Street, and, by going up behind me, cut a slash in my head about one and a-half inch in length, and through the integuments of the skull." Not long afterwards he has a similar announcement to make:—"As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday in Wall Street, collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me on the northern side of the street, said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the brokers' offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury." And then he goes on to set off his own injuries—a scratch on the hand and three buttons (valued at sixpence) torn off his waistcoat—against those which he alleges that he inflicted on his adversary—namely, "a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian forty dollars, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know—balance in my favour 39 dollars 94." Once it was a woman who assailed him, and next morning the placard duly appeared—"James Gordon Bennett horsewhipped by a woman! For full particulars see *Herald*." The biographer draws a touching picture of the dauntless editor sitting in his office after one of these assaults, having his head bathed and plastered, and the wounds

inventoried; and dictating all the time an account of the beating for the next day's paper. Bennett had only one object in view, to please the public so that they should buy his paper, and he had early come to the conclusion that the best method of doing so was to gratify the passions and echo the opinions of the hour. "I wish never to be a day in advance of the people," he used to say. "A journal to be great must be with the people, and must work in the sphere of their instincts," was another of his maxims; and he laid it down that the "best intelligence and wisdom is no more than what they [the masses] are willing to have exist in society." He deliberately and for purely selfish purpose appealed to the worst side of a democratic society, fawning upon the multitude, exalting its prejudices and caprices, and ministering eagerly to its prurient appetites and mean jealousies, and it can hardly be doubted that the result of his labours was to intensify the despotism of majorities and the truculence of the mob. No reputation was safe from his attacks; he sided with every party in turn, and was true to none. He boasted of his independence. "We are independent of every one," he used to say; "like Luther, like Paul, we go on our own hook." His independence extended equally to principles and convictions. One opinion was just as good in his eyes as another; he had no invidious preferences, no embarrassing belief in right and wrong; all he wanted was the sort of opinion that would sell his paper, and if at any time he found he had made a mistake and laid in the wrong article, he never hesitated to change it instantly. His open cynicism and contempt for what he deemed the affectations of sincerity and earnestness perhaps did more harm than his outrages on good taste and public morality. His abominable attacks on private character had not even the justification of honest indignation; they had no other motive than to make sport for the public, and possibly to add to the profits of his paper in another way.

When such men as Bennett and Fisk are mentioned, Americans have a stereotyped reply which they never fail to use. No doubt, they say, these men were scoundrels, and found great scope for their scoundrelism, but they were not received into society. Fisk, it is true, was for a time master of New York, and taxed, robbed, and plundered as he pleased; but respectable people did not ask him to dinner. And so with Bennett; he made a great fortune, and in certain ways exercised enormous influence, but neither he nor his paper had any social standing; the *Herald* had a vast circulation, but in good families it was not taken in. It seems to us impossible to doubt that these men could not flourish as they do unless there was something congenial in the composition and atmosphere of the society in which they move. Bennett himself was certainly not an American product, for he was a Scotchman, and there is no reason to suppose that his character would have been in any way different from what it was wherever he had established himself. But it may be doubted whether the continued and prosperous existence of such a paper as the *Herald* is fully accounted for by the accidental arrival of an unprincipled Scotchman in New York. We can only say that in point of fact no such journal, as far as we are aware, has ever made its appearance in any other country. It is only shifting the ground of argument to say that a newspaper of enormous circulation is heartily despised by those who buy it and read it. The truth would seem to be, that the expression of public opinion in America is to a great extent divorced from actual conviction and is enjoyed merely as a stimulant. People there read a newspaper just as they go to a bar for a mint julep or a brandy smash; and anything sharp and strong will answer the purpose. It would be unfair to American journalism to suggest that the *Herald* is, or was, for we have been speaking chiefly of its past, a fair representative of the press of that country. There are journals of undoubted ability and integrity in the city of Fisk and Bennett, and one of them has lately distinguished itself by a courageous and successful attack on the infamous Ring which at one time had the city at its mercy. But the success of what has been called "Bennettism" is a fact which cannot be got rid of, and which can hardly be regarded as a healthy symptom. Perhaps, indeed, there are some hints of the malady among ourselves which should not be overlooked.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

IT is unsatisfactory to observe the ebb and flow of opinion on questions with regard to which it is eminently desirable to arrive, if possible, at certainty. Thirty years ago it was considered a proof of enlightened liberalism to advocate the abolition of what was usually called in programmes and on platforms the degrading or brutalizing punishment of "the lash." Accordingly this punishment was minimized by administrative and legislative effort, and now members of Parliament and journalists seem to think that they are exhibiting superior common sense by proposing to apply this punishment rather freely to new classes of offences. Speakers and writers appear to derive pleasure from recommending the infliction of a "good" or a "sound" flogging to be continued until the culprit begs for mercy, which probably he would very soon do if he thought there was any prospect of obtaining it. During the last century military punishments became more and more severe, until they had reached a point of almost incredible barbarity. In this century a movement began which has resulted in greatly diminishing the number, and still more the severity, of these punishments. Can it be that the

progress or retrogression of ideas on this subject will bring the administration of military law by the end of this century nearly to the point where it stood at the beginning? We do not think that a court-martial would ever again pronounce a sentence of 1,000 or 1,500 lashes, because that would sound too atrocious; but it is quite conceivable that the severity of the punishment might be much increased without greatly prolonging its duration. It is wonderful how quickly people accustom themselves to talk about and even to witness spectacles from which at first they would have shrunk with horror. We are told that already the officers of justice are overwhelmed with applications for admission to witness the floggings of garotters in Newgate, and we have seen in print half-a-dozen descriptions of the room and apparatus, which indeed the reporters seem to think themselves at liberty to describe, even when they have the delicacy to abstain from entering into particulars of the actual punishment. One of the latest of these literary efforts, after a good deal of word-painting had been expended upon the gloomy apartment, and its scanty, but practically useful furniture, stopped with commendable reticence at the point where the writer doubtless believed that the real interest would begin, and merely stated that the warders performed their duty "conscientiously." The taste for these descriptions is, however, sure to be directly or indirectly gratified, and it is sure to increase by gratification; and thus there is an undoubted amount of truth in the argument which was formerly accepted as conclusive of the whole question, that the infliction of these punishments tends to "brutalize" all concerned in them.

It has, however, been almost universally, and, as we think, very properly, agreed that flogging should be inflicted upon the perpetrators of certain crimes of violence, and it is fairly open to consideration whether the list of these crimes should not be enlarged. But having got as far as this, we must ask permission to pull up and consider carefully whether we are going. So much has been lately said about equality between the sexes, that in strict consistency it might be asked whether, if the liability of men to flogging is to be further extended, the liability of women ought not at least to begin? Not long ago the evening newspapers were expending their largest type upon some monster of a woman who had been convicted of an extraordinarily savage assault. If it is right to punish a man with flogging for such an offence, why should it be wrong so to punish a woman? Of course if such offences were shown to be much rarer among women than among men, that might be an argument against the necessity of resorting to such punishment in the case of women. The most recent proposal is that a man should be liable to be flogged on conviction of attempting to extort money from a woman by threatening to accuse her of unchastity, and the author of this proposal has added the astounding suggestion that the complainant in such a case should be exempt from cross-examination on behalf of the defendant. The main proposal may possibly be sound although its author has shaken confidence in his judgment. But let us for the sake of argument suppose that a fanatic of another type desired more effectually to protect men against women, and was ready to propose, with that object, to enact that every woman soliciting a man to unchastity should be punished with one of the instruments mentioned in a Bill now before the House of Commons. We will remove a preliminary difficulty by remarking that female warders might probably be found capable of wielding these instruments "conscientiously." Whatever supposition be made as to the causes which bring women, to use a common phrase, upon the streets, it must be admitted that they are an abominable nuisance when they get there. They not only offend decency by dress and manner, but they openly or covertly solicit to the commission of immoral acts. Really, if one set about it, an unusually good Wednesday's speech might be made in the House of Commons in favour of a proposal for flogging women who invited men in public places to immorality. In a moment of enthusiasm for a pet subject it might even be possible to arrive at the absurdity of contending that it was hard upon a complainant in such a case to be cross-examined as to where he had been dining, and whether he might not have solicited the defendant if she had not made the first advance to him. Another offence for which it might with some plausibility be suggested that flogging would be an appropriate punishment is perjury. At this moment there are persons who would hail such a proposal with delight, and whose only regret would be that it was not brought forward and adopted a year or more ago. And thus we might go on indefinitely until flogging became as common as in the last century, although probably it might not be as severe. If men were brought generally under the lash it is improbable that women would escape, and, of course, boys and girls would be treated by analogy to the methods of correction applied to grown-up people.

The discussion of this subject, although alarming, is not the less ludicrous. The author of a Bill for punishing aggravated assaults on women with the birch or cat is threatened with an address of gratitude and admiration from certain ladies of the class which is sometimes impertinently called strong-minded. We think that these ladies ought, as their American friends say, to "endorse" Mr. Douglas Straight's motion by presenting him with an elegant testimonial which would commemorate in an enduring form the gratitude of the wives of England who by his help were enabled to get their husbands flogged. It appears, however, that there are other strong-minded ladies who, with the assistance of certain feeble-minded gentlemen, are protesting against Mr. Straight's

Bill, and would doubtless protest even more energetically against both address and testimonial. There is certainly something plausible in Mr. P. A. Taylor's protest against "the strange reaction which has set in in favour of cruel and brutalizing punishments." But we object still more to embarking with Mrs. Fawcett and Mr. Taylor on a general discussion of the "brutalizing" effect of the "cat" upon garotters and other perpetrators of violent crimes. This is a sort of discussion which only crops up when society does not happen to feel acutely the necessity of protecting its weaker members against outrages perilous to life or limb. It is assumed that garotters have, as the result of long-continued experience, been proved to be insensible to the terror of imprisonment or penal servitude, and that it was necessary to determine either to let them work their will upon our throats, or to adopt some new form of punishment. Until it is proved that this punishment is ineffectual, we should entirely decline to consider whether it "brutalizes" those who suffer it. Mr. Taylor refuses to believe that any class of criminals are utterly and hopelessly infamous, and brutal, and inaccessible to pity, shame, remorse. We trust that his amiable desire to hope and believe all things for the best may never be shaken by the rude grasp of a garrotter's fingers. It appears probable that, in spite of Mr. Taylor's opposition to flogging in general, Mr. Straight will earn the thanks of Mrs. Fawcett by carrying his bill for flogging men who violently assault women. There would be no difficulty in ascertaining the fact whether an offence of this kind had been committed, whereas in the case of offences of other kinds charged by women against men, or *vice versa*, there is a great and sometimes very alarming difficulty. We hope that enthusiastic legislators will not forget that you cannot unlog a man, whereas if you find that he has been imprisoned on a false charge you can at least let him out of prison. As regards the punishment of husbands for assaults on wives, there would be sometimes a practical difficulty in inducing the wife to give the necessary evidence. It might also deserve consideration that, if a husband knew that he would be flogged for beating his wife nearly to death, he might be tempted to beat her quite to death, on the speculation that the outrage carried to this extent would be treated as evidence of insanity.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

IT is just thirteen years since the great strike in the building trades of London, by which thirty thousand men were thrown out of work, and building operations were suspended for several months. The men peremptorily demanded an immediate reduction of the hours of labour to nine a week—they were then rather less than ten—and struck when this was refused. The masters in self-defence retaliated by a general lock-out, which was maintained for eight weeks, but the strike was not formally abandoned until four or five months later. The result was that the men, after all their sacrifices and privations, were obliged to return to work on the old terms. Since then the Saturday half-holiday has been conceded, and wages have been gradually rising. But the cry for nine hours has now been revived, and there is every prospect of a repetition of the battle. The carpenters in two large establishments have already struck; the house-painters and decorators, the masons, bricklayers, and plasterers are said to be preparing to follow the example of the carpenters; and the masters again threaten a lock-out over the whole trade. It appears that the carpenters are paid 8d. an hour, and that their hours are 5½ per week. They now insist upon a simultaneous reduction of hours and increase of wages. "Nine hours at ninepence" sums up their demands; or, in other words, 38s. 3d. for a week of 5½ hours, instead of 37s. 8d. for a week of 5½ hours. If this were granted the masters would have to make every man in their employment a present of something like 7d. a week as an addition to his wages, together with the value of five and a-half hours' work, in all about 4s. 3d. a week. Nor would this be the whole of the masters' loss, for they would also suffer from the enforced idleness of their machinery and other plant during the hours deducted from the working day. It is obvious that all this would involve a very sudden and serious rise in the cost of building operations. We do not happen to be in the secrets of the trade, but we should think it was impossible for any one to go much about London without being struck by the indications of over-building which meet the eye in almost every direction, in the shape of innumerable streets of unfinished, or at least untenanted, houses. There are districts which resemble a city of the dead. One might imagine that the inhabitants had either perished or fled, but the truth is they have not yet arrived, and there are no signs of their coming. Of course the rapid growth of population necessitates a continual expansion of the metropolis, but for the present it would appear that the supply of houses goes beyond the demand. The present moment would seem therefore to be hardly an auspicious one for the demands put forward by the operative builders. It is true that the necessities of some of the employers offer what may be considered a tempting opportunity. The two firms whose men have struck have large contracts in hand, including the new Post Office and Home Office. But even if the men were likely to gain their point for the moment, they could not expect to establish a permanent advance of wages except on the basis of the continued prosperity of the trade; and, if we may judge by appearances, building operations will for some time to come have rather to be curtailed than extended.

It is possible that if the commercial interests of the operatives

had alone been in question, the strike would at least have been deferred. There are various indications that, like Napoleon III.'s attack on Germany, the present movement in the building trade is in the nature of a political or dynastic *coup*, intended to establish the supremacy of particular leaders, and to distract attention from domestic differences. Recent numbers of the *Beehive*, the organ of the so-called "working-men" leaders, afford a highly instructive glimpse behind the scenes of working-class politics. It would appear that the working-men who have given up work and taken to political agitation as a more pleasant and profitable occupation are just now in an awkward dilemma. They have been in the habit of contending that there is something about a working-man—that is, about a man who is engaged in common mechanical occupations—which invests him with a peculiar wisdom and intuitive knowledge, and which marks him out as especially qualified to solve all the difficulties of the world by his simple natural sagacity. This has been their platform. It was as working-men that they imposed, or sought to impose, themselves upon society. It was not because they presumed to think themselves superior to other people in education or attainments, in deep thought or laborious study, that they assumed to lay down the law on all questions so authoritatively, but merely because they were or had been working-men, and had at some time or other handled the awl, the saw, or the trowel. But the class in whose name they speak, and whose lofty qualities they profess to represent, is now bent on repudiating them. It is argued, with a good deal of rough logical force which rather disturbs the *Beehive* gentlemen, that if a working-man is, by force of his occupation, wiser and more gifted than other men, a real working-man who actually works must be much superior to one who has given up work and is only nominally a working-man. It is significant that the working classes have invariably abstained from electing any of the so-called working-men candidates, and it now comes out that the latter are not only passively, but actively, repudiated by a considerable section of the order to which they profess to belong. A well-known agitator has lately been obliged to resign the secretaryship of an important Trade Union; and at a recent meeting in connexion with the present strike a resolution was passed that "it was desirable to show the employers that the men engaged in the trade were quite competent to conduct their own movement without the extraneous aid of parties whose advocacy might be more damaging than otherwise from their prominence in agitation." A writer in the *Beehive* is horrified at this repudiation of the gentlemen who have been hawking the working-man about the country for some years past. Is there, he asks, in the whole circle of human folly, wide as it is, a more singular example of self-stultification? Can it raise the working classes in the estimation of any one "to say that they have cut off a hand or plucked out an eye"? What does it matter whether a man works at a trade or not if only he possesses "intelligence, devotion to the cause, and general fitness of character"? There is no need for those working-men who repudiate the professional agitators to plead the Judaical justification for cutting off an offending member, because they will naturally argue that the agitator is not a member but a parasite. The difficulty which weighs upon the "working-men leaders," whom the Lord Chamberlain graciously, but perhaps rashly, recognized as a fourth or fifth Estate, and provided with official accommodation at the Thanksgiving in St. Paul's by the side of Lords and Commons, is that it is only as working-men that they have any pretensions to be listened to, and that, even though they can show that they once answered this description, they are now bound to give place to those who are still *bond fide* working-men. If they are left to compete in intelligence and general fitness with other classes of the population who may have had the misfortune not to be born to mechanical occupations, it may be feared that they will get on rather dangerous ground. The Nine-Hours' movement will perhaps afford these gentlemen an opportunity of retrieving their position; and it may also be expected to close up the ranks of the Unionists, and to put an end to domestic strife. It appears that the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union is at present divided into two hostile bands, and that it is extremely anxious to obtain new members. One of the calculations of the Committee who are now arranging for the relief of the men on strike is that many non-Unionists will join the Society for the sake of strike-pay.

Whatever may have been the causes at work in bringing about this strike, the question at issue is one which of course will be decided on its own merits, and resolves itself very much into a trial of strength between the contending parties. If the men would be content with an increase of wages, it is probable that they would have no difficulty in getting it; but the reduction of hours is a more serious matter. The practical effect of the engineers' strike at Newcastle last year was simply to establish an advance of pay. The nominal day is fixed at nine hours, but as overtime is allowed, the result is that the men continue to work for as many hours as formerly, only the extra pay for overtime begins to be reckoned somewhat sooner in the afternoon. Assuming the amount of work obtainable to be a fixed quantity, the Unions make it their object to spread it over as many of their members as possible, and at the same time to keep up the rate of payment, so that those who already have work shall not suffer by others being brought in to share it. It is assumed that the man who works overtime takes so much out of the common stock of labour, and robs his companions who are too weak or too lazy to keep up with him. The efforts of the Unions are especially directed to put down overtime, piece-work, and that horrible

crime called "chasing," which simply means a good workman doing the best he can for his employer instead of doing just as little as an idle and indifferent workman. At a recent meeting of the workmen in Woolwich Arsenal to agitate for the Nine-Hours' movement, it was urged that more leisure should be allowed to the operatives in order that they might improve their minds and "compete successfully with the skilled workmen of foreign countries." But it is notorious that there is no European country in which the hours are not longer than in England. In Berlin the carpenters work from six in the morning till seven in the evening, and the system of piece-work is generally followed. Even in the United States the Eight Hours Law is practically a dead letter, and the hours are as long as in our own country. The real object of the present agitation was disclosed by one of the speakers at this meeting, who urged that by reducing the hours of labour they would remove part of the commodity out of the market, and so increase its value. It is possible that under certain circumstances measures to promote an artificial scarcity of labour might for a time be successful; but it will be found difficult to compel the public to purchase what it does not want, and the disposition to purchase naturally depends very much on the price charged for the commodity. As the price rises, the demand may be expected to decline. If it is true that the building trades are at present over-manned, the natural conclusion would be that the superfluous hands should betake themselves to some other occupation, not that the public should be compelled to keep six carpenters or bricklayers to do the work of one. While the men are proceeding on a false principle in endeavouring to produce an artificial scarcity of labour, the employers, on the other hand, appear to be acting very foolishly for their own interests in constantly resisting an increase of wages unless it is forced from them by a strike, or by a threat of one. If the masters wish to counteract the influence of the Unions, they should make up their minds to anticipate demands which are certain to be made, and occasionally to give with a good grace, and from a sense of justice, what is afterwards wrung from them with a heavy fine, in the shape of interrupted trade.

SERMONS.

WE sometimes see advertisements offering assistance to clergymen in composing sermons. The price placed upon this kind of literary ware by those who manufacture it is so moderate that, although curates are badly paid, we seem to discover in the lowest deep a lower deep in the payment which is accepted by those who help curates to perform one part of their work. We do not know whether a recent proposal for opening pulpits to laymen was dictated by a desire to "elevate in the social scale," as the current phrase is, that humble, but useful, class who are commonly called penny-a-liners; but it can hardly be expected that one person should be content, as a permanent arrangement, to do the work while another person appropriates all the credit and the larger share of the pay. It is rumoured that legal opinions bearing the signatures of leaders of the Bar are sometimes written by learned and obscure juniors, who possess more leisure and possibly more capacity for investigating difficult questions than is usually found consistent with a regular expenditure of days in the courts of law and nights in the House of Commons. But the reputation which a barrister acquires among his professional brethren slowly permeates the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, till it reaches the solicitors and even the outer world of clients. There have been some remarkable examples where men who have, as it is called, "devilled" for other men, have ultimately attained such eminence as to employ "devils" themselves. But if we could permit ourselves to entertain the notion of a clergyman keeping a "devil" to write his sermons, we should be obliged to conclude that the industrious but ill-paid and undistinguished deputy, having so poor a prospect on earth, must look for his reward in heaven, if indeed it be not absurd to suppose that a "devil" could find his way there. We have heard lately that "an obscure newspaper reporter out of work" has been employed by the incumbent of a church, some forty or fifty miles from Liverpool, to write sermons for him at the rate of three for five-and-twenty shillings, which, considering the style of work which seems to have been expected, appears to us surprisingly small pay. We cannot help thinking that these matters are managed better in America, where newspaper reporters, not obscure, but eminent in their calling, practically compose sermons, not before, but after, they have been delivered. The Monday's issue of more than one of the New York papers contains reports of sermons delivered the day before in the churches and chapels of that city. Thus in one notorious journal we find a summary of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Newman at St. John's Methodist Church, to which the reporter appends a statement that "the Doctor's discourse was so eruditely that those mercurial Methodists who expected to be lifted to the third heaven by high falutin' oratory must have been disappointed." We have heard of a heavy-tempered Christian whose spiritual welfare required that he should be shamed, but we never heard before of a mercurial Methodist who expected to be lifted by high falutin' oratory. Dr. Newman's text, "Be not wise in your own conceits," was a suitable introduction to his sermon, which must have convinced the mercurial Methodists of their ignorance of many things which the preacher knew at least well enough to talk about

them. Even the reporter seems to have felt that Dr. Newman's learning was almost too much for him, and there are passages of his report which strongly resemble the statements which we sometimes find in a report of a trial at law, that "a technical argument of no interest to the general reader here ensued between counsel." We do not doubt that Huxley, Darwin, "and other modern scientists" would have been, to use an Americanism, "considerably chawed up," if they had heard Dr. Newman's sermon. But the reporter only states that the preacher "thoroughly ventilated" the theories of these writers. Dr. Newman desires, or is reported to desire, that philosophers and theologians should find some ground of harmony on which both may stand, "in the dignity of an intelligent manhood." We should like to know how many reporters are employed upon this kind of work, and whether the same reporter goes successively to all the various churches and chapels of New York, and what is the sum total of his religious convictions when he has finished the round. It is possible that by long practice one of these reporters may come to deal with sermons as cleverly as our own reporters deal with speeches in Parliament which, whether Liberal or Conservative, are neatly finished in the report, so that the speaker finds, sometimes much to his surprise, that he has said exactly what he ought. But the Transatlantic artist is most completely master of his work when he describes the accessories of a sermon. Thus we are told that on Sunday, the 19th of May, the gentle rain descended copiously and refreshingly on the thirsty earth, and diminished the attendance at Mr. Beecher's church. We wish by the way that the earth could, with any approach to accuracy, be described as thirsty in London. In consequence of the rain there were several vacant chairs and a prevailing "masculinity" among Mr. Beecher's congregation. The places usually occupied by ladies in smart dresses became vacant, a reinforcement opportunely arrived of "Methodist strangers" whose "religious enthusiasm" was not damped by a wet day. The sermon which they heard from Mr. Beecher on "Christian Life as a Battle" contained a curious enumeration of the trials with which the Christian is exercised. There are trials of temper. How hard it is to be commanded by "a man who slopes the wrong way." It is lucky that the reporter has given us Mr. Beecher's explanation of this remarkable phrase, for certainly we never should have found out its meaning for ourselves. We have heard of "sloping" in the sense of departing secretly after incautiously backing the wrong horse for the Derby. But in this sense of the word there can be no such thing as sloping any but the wrong way. However, we will not keep our readers in suspense, but will explain that Mr. Beecher means by "a man who slopes the wrong way" a man "who is very large on his feet, and goes narrowing up until he gets to a cone at his head." In view of these things the preacher asks, or is reported to ask, whether anybody expects that he is going to be a Christian without fighting? We cannot help thinking that Mr. Beecher takes a too limited and special view of the trials of Christian life. Men who slope the wrong way are surely rare caprices of nature, and an exceptional arrangement of circumstances would be required to place one of us in a position to be commanded by a man of such abnormal configuration. We can indeed conceive a form of Christian trial which would consist in repressing a desire to punch the sloper's exceedingly small head. But perhaps Mr. Beecher intended this passage of his sermon for the ladies whom the wet weather kept away from Church. A wife is supposed to be commanded by her husband, and it might be very irritating to be commanded in this sense by a man who slopes the wrong way. But another of Mr. Beecher's examples will be readily intelligible. He supposes that a man who has just been admitted to membership of a Church goes home and finds his "maiden aunt" sitting in his favourite plush chair. Perhaps if we substitute "mother-in-law" for "maiden aunt" we shall more vividly realize the trial to which this newly-made Church member is exposed. However he leaves the maiden aunt in possession of the plush chair, and goes to bed, but unfortunately his Christianity does not appear to have improved by a night's rest. He gets up and he "serves" at breakfast. Well, there are many ways of serving at table; "he cuts the meat so that other people get by the indifferent pieces, and he reserves the tender bit for himself." It is probably our fault that we do not know to what variety of Christianity Mr. Beecher supposes himself to belong, but, waving minor difficulties, we boldly proclaim ourselves and Mr. Beecher to be holders of a common faith. It is abundantly clear to our minds that a host who helped us, being his guests, to an indifferent piece of meat, while he kept the tit-bit for himself, could not be a Christian. It appears to be a peculiarity of American Methodists, at least when they desire to keep up their spirits on wet days, to interject "glory" at the most telling passages of a sermon, just as in the House of Commons the Junior Lords of the Treasury cry "hear, hear" to the Premier. If any imitation of a groan or hiss were permitted in Plymouth Church, it would surely have been evoked by Mr. Beecher's picture of this new fall of man under the temptation of a tit-bit at the breakfast-table.

A curious testimony to the vitality of the Roman Catholic religion in New York would be furnished by a statement which is made by one of the reporters, if only we believed it. We are told that the attendance at each of the twenty-six Catholic churches of Brooklyn at the morning masses of 19th May was not perceptibly diminished on account of the rain, as the weather rarely influences the numbers of worshippers at mass. There are people who will believe almost anything that a newspaper tells them, particularly if it is

stated in large type; but still it would tax the credulity of the most constant reader to be told either that a reporter visited twenty-six churches in a morning, or that a newspaper employed twenty-six reporters in visiting churches of one particular denomination. The statement was evidently inspired, and, if so, may be received with as much qualification as the reader chooses. We observe, however, that these reporters describe the frescoes, the vestments, the processions, and, above all, the music, at Roman Catholic churches, but do not in general tell us much about the ladies' dresses. Indeed, if we were guided by these reports, we should infer that there is some occult affinity between Methodism and millinery.

We can only hope that the reporter out of work who was willing to write sermons "in the flowery style" at three for five-and-twenty shillings may be induced to abandon ungrateful Liverpool and cross the water to New York, where his talents are certain to be appreciated. He might set up a church of his own, preach in it on Sunday, and report his own sermons with improvements on Monday. We do not know whether his reverend employer ought to be quoted as an authority as to what is suitable for the Church of England, but we have no manner of doubt that he would be an enormously popular preacher in New York. Let him make a permanent arrangement with his late assistant, and let them emigrate together to New York, where one could work a church on Sunday, and the other a newspaper on Monday. The undertaking would certainly be profitable.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

THE late John Phillip was one of the very few English painters who can be said to have formed a school, and yet strictly speaking he was himself only a scholar. At the present moment two or more artists can be named who, following in the wake of Mr. Phillip, might compete for the distinctive title of our English Murillo. Foremost this year stands Mr. Long, who, in a style eminently brilliant though somewhat trite, awakens sympathy on behalf of picturesque and charming "Suppliants" (64). The mind is carried back more than two centuries to the famous city of Toledo, at the time when the decree had gone forth for the expulsion of the gypsies from Spain. Like the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander in the great picture by Paul Veronese, the suppliants on bended knee crave for mercy. But instead of the dazzling colour of Venice, we have the sombre shadow and the liquorice hue of the school of Seville at the time when Murillo might be seen in the cathedral square sketching flower girls and beggar boys. Yet it cannot be said that Mr. Long, in following the footsteps of the great master of Andalucia, has forsaken nature; it must not be forgotten that Spain has been for the painter singularly exempt from change, that up to this very day are seen in the streets of Seville, Granada, and Toledo figures which might have served for models to Murillo, and that this permanence of type, costume, and manners is especially maintained among the gypsies here brought by Mr. Long vividly on the scene. Inasmuch, then, as characters long dead still survive in their descendants, the painter does not need to turn to imagination for his facts or to tradition for his treatment. The stern ecclesiastic, the stately noble, the voluptuous maiden lavish of her charms, are here thrown upon canvas to the very life. The drawing and modelling are careful, the whole composition has been sedulously brought into unity of light, shade, and colour. And yet the work is wanting in that impulse, passion, and dramatic action which may be rightly considered as the pledge and the measure of artistic genius; it thus falls short of the first order of merit. In like manner somewhat less than superlative praise is all that can be accorded to Mr. Burgess for his nicely painted, happily composed incident, "Kissing Relics in Spain" (466). The children, however, could not possibly be better; indeed Mr. Long and Mr. Burgess have from time to time brought from Spain boys and girls with heads of the beauty of cherubs, and limbs supple, graceful, and agile; the hands move to the castanet, the feet fly to the dance at the sound of the tambourine. Each race has its distinctive beauty in childhood; "heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but the joyous light on life's opening days was darkened in the dirty beggar boys of Murillo. Mr. Long and Mr. Burgess have done well to discard dirt and rags; indeed our domesticated Spanish school has been sometimes dressy to a fault; it has cast over Southern life Byronic sentiment and colour, it has painted up to the romantic and rapturous strain of "The Dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz," a style which alike in poetry and painting is well nigh worn out. Yet another painter, Mr. Halswell, has been enrolled among the disciples of John Phillip. This artist, following up the success of former years, is more conspicuous for size than for subtlety, for power than for refinement, delicacy, or finish. "The Elevation of the Host" (936) is a composition in perfect keeping in its component parts; the figures correspond in style to the architectural decoration. The artist seems to paint up to the pitch of what is most flaunting and pretentious in the Renaissance of rankest growth. In conclusion we may observe that this Anglicized Spanish art has nothing to correspond with it in the contemporary art of Spain and other Continental States. England follows Murillo, while Spain aspires to emulate Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Herrera.

In this travelling age, when painters become more and more

cosmopolitan, home and homish themes give place to distant climes and peoples; indeed the four quarters of the globe may be said to congregate in Piccadilly. Among artists who have gone far afield, among students of nature who show themselves sensitive to Southern or Oriental spell, and absorb or reflect heat from the tropical sun, Mr. Lewis, R.A., and Mr. Goodall, R.A., have long been conspicuous. Of Mr. Lewis, indeed, the complaint is heard that his art has no more serious purpose than to make a sunbeam dance and dazzle, and we incline to think that the theme which he now chooses, "The Prayer of Faith shall Save the Sick" (242), is little else than the exception which proves the rule. This cunning manipulator would seem to inculcate the doctrine that faces are subordinate to draperies, that human beings are shadows and nonentities, while textile fabrics, ceramic wares, metal work, and wood lattice-windows are the only realities which have true worth in life or in art. Flowers also are permitted to enter the painter's magic world of beauty; thus, in a work perfect of its kind, "The Lilium Auratum" (465), poppies and roses and lilies, as tall as the figures, vie with gold-embroidered sashes and robes; the flowers live, the faces are but the semblance of life. The opposite manner of Mr. Goodall was never seen in greater force than in "The Head of the House at Prayer" (201). The praying Arab stands in grand isolation; Allah alone is present to the rapt contemplation of the soul; the tent, the sheep, the camels, and the sandy desert sink into fitting pictorial subordination; the setting sun lights up the distant hills, the quiet of evening overshadows the plain. And withal the great charm of the work is its verisimilitude. Mr. Goodall has sometimes thrown around Eastern scenes an artificial halo; he is now unusually strong because he does not depart from sober truth, and yet never has he planned a composition with more consummate art.

The Academy, it has been said, shows a growing proneness to what is sometimes termed common nature; indeed many of our artists, instead of adding themselves to the once favourite study of the beautiful, seem devoted disciples of the philosophy of ugliness. We do not wish to make any serious charge against Mr. Nicol, A.R.A.; the vocation of painters is fortunately various, and to this uncompromising student of nature has been fitly committed the task of depicting trenchant character. He gives us heads rudely modelled by the conflict of circumstance; men who, though often begrimed in dirt, are not absolutely disgusting—who, though shrewd and scheming, need not be dishonest. We may account it a mercy when this painter does not make an exorbitant demand of space for his unsavoury models; indeed the most fastidious tastes will have little repugnance to studies so broad in humour as "His Ba'bees" (11), and "Bothered" (356). The handling has power and mastery; the expression is enhanced by concentration of purpose upon the one ruling thought. In the naturalistic category we may also place the vigorous, but not always refined, contributions of Mr. Watson, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Barwell, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Opie. Mr. Watson for once is not too large for a small plain idea; "A Tiff" (21) is a composition which commends itself by vigour and colour. Mr. Marsh, who in the Old Water Colour Society has shown kinship to Mr. Watson, surpasses himself in "The Signal; Breakers on the Bar—Keep Outside" (982). Here at all events may be commended the resolute study of sturdy tars; but the draperies want definition, and the figures fall into a disorganized mass or mob, instead of being resolved into a well-ordered composition. Such clumsiness, such lack of art treatment, severs this rude naturalism from the pastorals and idyls which Mr. Hook evokes from land and sea. Mr. Barwell, also following in the track of common nature, has lost that place on the line which was accorded to early works of promise. But to urge want of beauty or lack of aesthetic sense were perhaps wholly to mistake the purpose of "A Sister of Mercy" (370). It is strange as it is lamentable that when a painter has nothing more than the tritest of pictorial ideas at command he cannot be content with a few square inches of canvas. Many are the works pardoned in duodecimo which could not be tolerated in quarto. "A Love Spell" (142), by Mr. Chester, is yet another example of size at the expense of refinement; a telling title is here used as if to disguise common materials and a trite composition. As a matter of course, the artist interlards the catalogue with verse; pictures destitute of a single spark of poetry are usually thus interpreted and adorned. As a rule, the best works speak for themselves; on the other hand, signal failures in the Academy and elsewhere strive, by pretentious titles or long quotations from great authors, to escape contempt or oblivion. Pictures which perspicuously and pleasantly tell their own story are usually the most popular; such, for example, as the well-painted "Poison Test" (1037), by Mr. C. Green, and that clever composition in the happiest mood of Mr. Hicks, "Letters from Home; Post-Office and Store at the Australian Diggings" (332); also may be added "From Generation to Generation" (415), by Mr. Calthrop, and "Le Malade imaginaire" (992), by M. D. T. White. The last two painters have profited by French training. We never willingly ignore the name of Opie, even though now recalled to memory only by "A Travelling Tinker" (445). Mr. E. Opie, a kinsman of "the wondrous Cornish boy," and himself a Cornishman, has that rough and ready talent which in outlying districts almost of necessity takes a naturalistic turn. It is fortunate when fowls of the air do not devour seed which falls by the wayside.

Love of country, clanship, love of home, affection for house and family, continue to yield congenial motives to our painters. Scotch artists, of whom Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., may be taken as a type, are proverbially strong in home affection, and it is interesting to

observe how, in such themes as "God's Acre" (247), a naturalism which otherwise might be rude and common is elevated by emotion and sanctified by religion. For melting sorrow, mingled with wonder and awe, nothing can surpass the two little children at the open grave. The mourners with the coffin labour up the hill; sorrowing friends and neighbours stand at reverent distance; the day is wet and cold, clouds shroud the hills as the peasant is borne to his last resting-place among the mountains. The story is told with heart-felt simplicity. Perhaps the technical qualities are not quite satisfactory; the forms are rather blurred, the touch is muddled, even to rotteness. Yet we are not sure how far these seeming defects are intentional; we have to take into account that a sharp sparkling touch would dispel the solemnity and dissipate the gloom. Mr. Holl may have found himself in a like dilemma when he laid heavy hand on his brush and toned down his colours with funereal shadows. Scenes of this excess of melancholy, if not beyond the region of art, can hardly be otherwise than painful. But the execution is downright and earnest; the faces, too, are close studies of sorrow in its divers phases—the blank which death has left, the hour of nothingness when all is taken away, the stunned stupor of the senses. Yet the delineation is realistic rather than imaginative. The "Raising of Lazarus" in the National Gallery may tell with how much sublimity Sebastian del Piombo, Michael Angelo, and others of the olden time encompassed death and the resurrection. Our modern art fails in imaginative insight.

The genre pictures in the Academy—compositions of the Teniers, Ostade, and Wilkie type—from the smallness of their size and the comparative insignificance of their subjects, may scarcely obtain the consideration which their art merit deserves. In this humble department the number of practitioners is large; thus we have marked for excellence seldom below the first degree Mr. Webster, R.A. (189), Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A. (195), Messrs. George Smith (405), F. D. Hardy (525), C. Hunt (1028), J. Clark (156, 357), J. Faed (979), A. Provis (154), W. Weekes (375, 672), and E. Mulready (316). Pictures of this class, when they reach the fair average merit implied by a good place in the Academy, are seldom provocative of criticism, hostile or other; they are apt to be all much alike; they conform to the elementary grammar of art; they follow in so beaten a track that they seldom deviate into originality. The first rank in this order of merit is usually accorded to Mr. Webster, R.A., an artist who may be said to have taken good schoolboys under his special charge; at a glance we recognize habitual finish, refinement, quietude, in a schoolboy game, called "Odd or Even" (189). Apparently Mr. Banks is of the Webster school. "A Winter's-day Recreations" (1063) gains a conspicuous place on the line, and "Marbles" (593), by Mr. J. Morgan, is equally favoured. Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A., is distinguished from his fellows by a beauty, grace, and sweetness exceptional in the sphere of genre; a group of little anglers of "Great Expectations" (195) may teach us how the smallest page in the book of nature is written with a poetry which in art becomes beauty. Mr. Le Jeune's children are clean; it were well to oust boys wallowing in mire from picture-galleries and drawing-rooms. Mr. John Faed errs in the opposite direction; he continues clean and smooth to a fault. "Lady Betty Germaine" (978), is as a pretty miniature framed in a neat landscape. Mr. Hayllar, seldom over-refined, makes a happy hit—"Links in the Chain of Life" (907). Boyish frolic runs on all-fours along the floor; in a corner a courtship is far advanced; the artist has an effective way of throwing light and colour into faces; he knows the tricks which arrest the eye. We name, as the best example of what may be termed the Wilkie school, "Paying the Legacies" (409), by Mr. George Smith. We would also direct attention to some capital little works, especially "Our Good-natured Cousin" (316), by Mr. A. E. Mulready, son of the late Academician. This young artist makes a hopeful beginning; in drawing and execution he is scarcely a novice; he seizes the points in a story, he enlivens his narrative with wit and humour. Wit seldom ventures to enter a place so grave and decorous as the Academy; perhaps, indeed, the sportive faculties of the mind express themselves more freely in crayon or pencil than in the heavy vehicle of oils.

The paucity this year of foreign pictures admits of easy explanation:—First, the space within the Academy is barely sufficient to satisfy the just demands of our native artists; secondly, other Galleries, especially the International corridors at South Kensington, serve to draft off surplus foreign populations, the worthless superfluities of Continental art. The aim of the Academy should be to weed out coarse and rampant growths, and to plant in the midst of our English school the rarest products only. It may seem a little discouraging that the creation of "Honorary Foreign Academicians" proves a failure; again out of a total of six only one cares to contribute. M. Gallait, already notorious for that bloody horror, Counts Egmont and Horn decapitated, now perpetrates pictures equally sensational and revolting. He commences with "La Paix" (1005), a happy group—a young mother with children nestling on her knee. Then in the companion composition, "La Guerre" (1006), this same mother is killed, the child is dead, the faithful dog also has been shot; there only survives a little boy, who, terrified into sudden consciousness of the dread reality, rushes with heartrending screams to his dead mother's arms. Such unveiled horrors have been rightly accounted low and vulgar. It may be remembered that a Greek painter covered with a mantle a character beyond the limits

permitted to tragedy in art. It may also be worthy of remark that Sir Edwin Landseer in "Peace" and "War" moves the spectator not so much by horse and man writhing in blood as by a little lamb eating a leaf and flower from the cannon's mouth. M. Gallait during a long residence in Paris may have acquired that thirst for blood which is a crying vice in French art. We will pass over contributions by M. Israels, M. Alma Tadema, M. Legros, M. Tourier, and M. Tissot (the last four, domiciled in London, almost cease to be foreign) in order to speak of a small work, which, calm as it is intense, indicates the line of demarkation between drama and melodrama, between noble passion and ignoble spasm. Madame de Saux, better known in exhibitions as Madame Henriette Brown, has, like M. Gallait, dwelt on the terrors of war, yet not in the carnage of the battle-field. She takes us to a retired room where orphan sisters hold sacred a sorrow too deep for the world to witness. The simplicity and earnestness of the treatment are in keeping with the deep sincerity of the thought. The artist, known throughout Europe by her "Sister of Charity," is said first to master a subject mentally, to grasp the conception strongly, after which she works out from nature each figure and detail with the truth of a portrait, the reality of actual life. It is not surprising that her pictures at once carry conviction to the mind.

REVIEWS.

HOOK'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER.*

(Second Notice.)

IN coming to a more minute examination of the contents of this volume, we will begin by congratulating Dean Hook on an improvement of a physical kind which makes the Life of Parker much easier to read and understand than the Lives of any of his predecessors. The earlier Lives formed each an unbroken chapter, an arrangement which became serious when a chapter, as in the case of Pole, filled a whole volume, or, as in the case of Cranmer, more than a whole volume. Parker also fills a whole volume, but he is happily divided into several chapters, to the great comfort of his readers. Dr. Hook has made another great improvement by bringing in a certain amount of "marginal analysis" and of marginal dates. We are however greedy enough to wish for some more of both, especially of the dates. They are specially wanted in some of the chapters towards the end, where Dr. Hook does not follow strict chronological order, but deals with particular aspects of Parker's life and character in separate chapters. And again, in the early part it is still a little perplexing to look up to the top of the page and see "Matthew Parker, 1559-75," when one is reading about some part of Parker's doings long before 1559. Dr. Hook has in these matters improved the Parker volume so much that we hope to see further improvement still in the Grindal volume.

And now for some notice of Matthew Parker himself and his biography as given by Dr. Hook. We fancy that Parker's name is less known to the "general reader" than it should be. If "the Reformers" or "the Reformation" is spoken of, people at once cry out "Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer." If this is simply because they were burned, it is unfair to Hooper and Farrar; if it is because they are believed to have been specially prominent in organizing the Reformed system, Latimer at least has no business on the list. But, if the Reformation of the Church of England is to have the name of any particular Bishop attached to it, it should clearly be that of Parker rather than that of anybody else. It was in his time that the Church took, after the shifting of the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary, the form which, with little change, it has kept ever since. Perhaps if Parker had been burned, he might have been as famous as the others. But then it was unluckily inherent in Parker's peculiar position that he should not be burned. If the Reformation was to be finally set up, it was needful that some people should live through the persecution to set it up. This particular duty fell to the lot of Parker and those with whom he acted. They could not be Marian martyrs, because they had to be Elizabethan Reformers.

Parker did not rise to any high place, or take any prominent part in affairs, till he had reached a mature time of life. In no man's life is it more needful to remember, what we all sometimes unconsciously forget, that men are not born at the time when their names first appear in history. Parker plays no important part in history till the reign of Elizabeth; but he was born in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Born in 1504, he was four years younger than his predecessor Pole, twenty years younger than his predecessor Cranmer. When those questions began to be discussed which led to the changes which he had a hand in bringing to their final shape, Parker was a young man at Cambridge, taking his degrees, being elected to his fellowship, being ordained deacon and priest. He thus saw the whole thing with his own eyes, and he saw the beginning of it at a time of life when men are apt to be carried away with that fashion of thought and teaching which has been last set forth, whatever it may be. But there is nothing to show that Parker was one of those who suddenly or eagerly took up the new teaching. He was a friend of Bilney, and he attended him at his

execution; but there is nothing to show that he shared Bilney's opinions, which, after all, were political or social rather than theological. He went on during the reign of Henry the Eighth, distinguished as a scholar and preacher, heaping together, after the fashion of the time and of times long before and long after, a number of smaller ecclesiastical and academical preferments, but more than once declining a bishopric. He was chaplain to Anne Boleyn, and he was chaplain to Henry after her death. As Queen's chaplain, he was appointed Dean of the College of Stoke by Clare in Suffolk, a foundation of the House of Mortimer, but which seems to have somehow got into a special relation to the Queens of England. This was in 1535. Nine years later, in 1544, he was chosen, after no uncommon fashion, by royal mandate, to the post in which, next to the primacy of all England, he did most to make himself remembered, the Mastership of Corpus Christi or Bene't College, Cambridge. In the mode of appointment, as we have sometimes before remarked, there was nothing wonderful. Kings freely interfered with the rights of patronage and election in all ways; the practice prevailed as an invariable custom in the election to Old-Foundation Deaneries down to the present reign; in the case of Bishoprics it is legalized. The interference with the rights of the College was just as great when Henry the Eighth recommended Matthew Parker to the Fellows of Bene't College as when James the Second recommended Anthony Farmer to the Fellows of Magdalen College; only Parker was legally and personally qualified for the office, and Farmer was neither. On his College Parker has left his mark, both in the increase of its foundation and in the creation of that precious library of which so many scholars have felt the benefit. Of his Deanery at Stoke Dr. Hook gives a pleasant account; Parker seems to have used it as a sort of country house to withdraw to from Cambridge; but he did not treat it as a mere sinecure; by his preaching, by his care for education and the general well-being of the neighbourhood, he seems to have won general respect and influence. On the establishment of secular canons at Ely, Parker received one of the first prebends, and he held, together or successively, several parochial benefices. But Dr. Hook remarks that all his preferments lay in one district, as if he were anxious that none should be altogether beyond his power of at least occasionally looking after them. We know not whether Dr. Hook has any authority for the surmise that Parker declined any higher office because he designed to marry. But it is certain that he did marry, and that before clerical marriage was strictly legal. The time of his marriage with Margaret Harleston was significant; it was in June 1547, five months after the death of Henry the Eighth. There was now no danger in such a step, but clerical marriages were not formally legalized, and then somewhat grudgingly, till the Act of 1549. This should be remembered when we come to the story of Queen Elizabeth's famous speech to Mrs. Parker years after at Lambeth; "Madam I may not call you, Mistress I would not call you." Of this speech Dr. Hook hardly brings out the full force. The word "Mistress" makes it uglier to a modern ear than it was meant to be. "Mistress"—now cut short into "Miss"—was, then and long after, the common title of an unmarried lady. The Queen's meaning in modern language would be, "I cannot quite call you Mrs. Parker, and I don't like to call you Miss Harleston." And we cannot wonder at this, when Parker had married before the law allowed him to do so, and when, years afterwards, as Archbishop, he found it prudent to have his children specially legitimated. And it is worth notice that there was no married Archbishop of Canterbury between Parker and Tillotson. Grindal and Whitgift, Abbot and Laud, were alike in that matter.

When the collegiate churches were first placed at the mercy of Henry, Stoke was saved by the intercession of his last Queen. But of course it fell, along with all kindred foundations, in the first year of the new reign. This suppression of Colleges was a mere job, which, it should be remembered, Cranmer and Bonner opposed side by side. It is hard to see how Church or State was profited when the College estates passed from Parker and his prebendaries—teachers and preachers as they were, at least under him—to Sir John Cheke and Walter Mildmay, subject to a pension to Parker and, we suppose, to the other members of the College. The only thing to be said is that they might easily have fallen into worse hands. A few years after this Parker reached the highest preferment which he reached at this stage of his life, namely, the Deanery of Lincoln. During this whole time he seems purposely to have kept himself in the background, and Dr. Hook quotes several letters in which he is pressed to take a more prominent part in the affairs of Church and State. Once or twice during Henry's reign he seems to have been suspected of heresy, but nothing was ever proved against him, and he went on through the reigns of Henry and Edward conforming without scruple to all successive changes, though Dr. Hook assures us he preferred the First Prayer Book of Edward to the Second. Twice his name is mentioned in connexion with public affairs. At the time of Kett's rebellion Parker was at Norwich, and he was popular with the insurgents. On this Dr. Hook comments that "it is further to be remarked, that through his preaching, and the preaching of his associates at Stoke College, this was the only place in which the Reformation was received by the common people without opposition, and, we may even say, with some measure of favour." At any rate, Parker ventured to go out to Kett's camp at the Oak of Reformation, and to exhort the people to strive after a peaceful instead of a violent redress of their grievances. The other time was when Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, came

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Volume IX. Reformation Period. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

[June 8, 1872.]

to Cambridge to proclaim Queen Jane. Parker seems to have trimmed; he supped with the Duke, but he did not afterwards come forward on either side, so that, when the tide turned in favour of Mary, he had, according to an obscure story, to fly from Cambridge in haste, when he fell from his horse and broke his leg. At the accession of Mary he was deprived of all his preferments, not however at once, but gradually, and to most of them he was allowed to name his successors. He remained in England during the whole of Mary's reign, and there is no evidence that he was in any way molested. In a passage which Dr. Hook marks with inverted commas Parker describes himself as "living as a private individual," and enjoying "delightful literary leisure." We do not doubt as to the fact, but we confess to be a little puzzled as to the language, for such phrases as "private individual" and "literary leisure" do not seem exactly to belong to the age of Parker. But the fact that Parker lived quietly through all Mary's reign is worthy of all the importance which Dr. Hook gives to it. It seems not to have satisfied the class whom Dr. Hook speaks of as "Protestant hagiologists," who have invented divers persecutions for him. But it seems plain that he suffered nothing beyond the loss of his preferments. Dr. Hook takes this opportunity to enlarge in his usual way on the state of parties at the time. With his classification of them we generally agree, though we wish that he would not talk about "Medievalists with Protestant proclivities." And we do not understand when, after giving a generally correct, though perhaps a little exaggerated, picture of the secular clergy as accepting, and the regulars as rejecting, the successive changes of the Reformation, we come to the following passage:—

Some of the Regulars, by assuming the character of secular priests, occasionally obtained possession of preferments in the Church; but these were exceptional cases, not noted by the historian.

We really do not know how to reconcile this with Dr. Hook's own account, in his Life of Cranmer (vii. 23), of the way in which, on the reconstitution of Canterbury Cathedral, a very large proportion of the members of the dissolved monastic body received stalls and other offices on the new foundation.

We have dwelt at some length on Parker's earlier life for more than one reason. It is important to see what manner of man it was whom Elizabeth picked out to receive the highest office in the English Church. The earlier life of Parker throws more light on this than the latter. Elizabeth first offered the primacy to one or more men who had been actually employed by her sister. She then offered it to a man of known learning and singular moderation, who had never taken any extreme part, and whom her sister had not thought fit to molest further than by loss of his preferments. This clearly points to a wish to change as little as possible. And this really proves more as to the character and objects of both the Queen and the Primate than the events of their actual administration. Circumstances made both of them go further in the way of change than either, if let alone, would most likely have wished. The middle position which Henry kept, and which Elizabeth no doubt wished to keep, could not be kept. Thirlby and Parker had once held the same position; the events of Mary's reign made that position an impossible one, and they parted off in opposite ways. The moment when Elizabeth offered the primacy to Wotton, possibly to Feckenham, and, failing them, to Parker, marks the last moment when the middle position even seemed to be possible.

For this reason the early life of Parker, when he acted more directly according to his own opinions and feelings, is in some points more important than his administration as Primate when he had to act as circumstances made him act. And we also think that this earlier part is the better part of Dr. Hook's present volume. We somehow seem to care more for Parker in his Deanery at Stoke and in his College at Cambridge than we do when he gets to Canterbury and Lambeth. One thing is that, though Dr. Hook's division of his volume into chapters is a great improvement, yet he has divided them too much by subjects and too little by periods, so that we sometimes lose the chronological thread of the narrative. On the whole, we are not very sorry that we have run up so fast about Parker's early life, and still more about the important and often misunderstood position which he represents, as to leave us little space to talk about the actual events of his primacy. But in one point of his character, spreading over both periods of his life, we must join with Dr. Hook in doing him honour. Parker had very odd notions of the duty of an editor, but it is owing to him, more than to any other man, that there is anything to edit and anything to read about the early history of England. In this manner his biographer, who has had such opportunities of testing the value of his services, does him full justice. To the great preserver and reviver of English historical learning we can even forgive that, in defending the independence of Canterbury against Rome, he partly rested his argument on the independence of the early British Church. Under a Tudor reign there was perhaps special temptation to do so. The worthiest monument of Parker is his College at Cambridge and its renowned Library.

We have mentioned that in this volume there are several great improvements in what we may call the editing, as distinguished from the actual composition of the work; but there are things here and there which puzzle us, and which seem to go beyond any bounds which we can allow to the vagaries of the printer. What can be meant, for instance, when we read in p. 237 that "it was by the bestowal of ecclesiastical preferments that lawyers sought

to remunerate their servants"; for "lawyers" we should rather have expected to find Kings and Queens, for no one has taught us better or more clearly than Dr. Hook, that when we find a man at once Bishop and Chancellor, the truer state of the case is that the Chancellor became Bishop than that the Bishop became Chancellor. When in pp. 381, 382 we read, "Some administer the communion with surplice and cap, some with surplice alone, some with neither," for "cap" we should surely read *cope*. It is most likely the printer who in page 404 makes Pope Pius the Fifth call Elizabeth a "*vassal*"—surely it should be a *vessel*—"of all iniquity." But we do not understand how, when "in the larger churches the chief minister was obliged to wear a cope, two other ministers, called the Deacon and *Archdeacon*, were to assist him in the reading of the Epistle and Gospel." We cannot make out this peculiar form of "archidiaconal functions," and we might have suggested *sub-deacon*; only did sub-deacons go on so long? We doubt whether knighthood was (p. 562) "considered a high distinction" on King James the First's arrival at Westminster in 1603." Lastly, Dr. Hook tells us in page 391 that

Dr. Sampson had been attracted from the peaceful deanery of Chichester to the deanery of Christ Church, which placed him at the head of society in Oxford.

We had hardly thought that this peculiar duty of the Dean of Christ Church was so ancient; and, as Dr. Hook has found much to tell us about Mrs. Parker, we are anxious to know something about Mrs. Sampson also, if there was such a person.

Dr. Hook must not think that, because we point out two or three things of this kind, we value his book the less. Some parts we think might be better arranged, but he has done real service in pointing out the true position of Parker, and all that Parker represents, more clearly than it has ever been pointed out before. We wish him all health and strength for the lives of Grindal and his successors.

DR. ANGUS SMITH ON AIR AND RAIN.

A GREAT stride in advance has been made in the theory and practice of chemistry since Dalton, in the last year of his life, declared it impossible to distinguish by chemical experiment between the air of Manchester and the air of Helvellyn. To no one in this country is the progress since made in this important department of hygiene more to be attributed than to Dr. Angus Smith, who in his paper read before the British Association in 1857 was the first to propound a solution of the problem pronounced impracticable by one whom he allows to be the father of meteorology, no less than of scientific chemistry in the strict sense. A pupil of Liebig, to whom he appropriately dedicates the matured fruit of his studies upon this new and important branch of inquiry, Dr. Angus Smith has won his way to the point which he pronounces "the beginnings of a chemical climatology," not so much by the use of novel methods or analytical tests beyond those ordinarily available, as by concentration of his powers of observation, by multiplication of experiments and careful correlation of the best known modes of analysis. In the series of papers of which the volume now presented to us is made up will be found abundant use of the analytical methods of Liebig, Bunsen, and Nessler, together with the improvements upon the plan of Forchammer for applying to the air the process of decomposing organic substances which we owe to Messrs. Wanklyn, Chapman, and Smith. The greater portion of the facts which are embodied in his most recent conclusions were accumulated by the writer whilst acting for the Royal Commission on the Ventilation of Mines, or as Inspector under the Factory Acts, and were to a great extent incorporated in his printed Reports. The earlier part, forming the foundation of the whole, was, he tells us, put together many years ago chiefly for the information of the Board of Health. Eight years since a work upon Air and Water was advertised by him, and the part on Water actually written, but kept back by other pursuits until the advance of science put it rather out of date. To write a new book from the beginning was a task from which the author naturally shrank, with so much material ready to hand, besides being in effect new to the public, buried as it was in reports and blue-books. The result of all this is, from a literary point of view, far from satisfactory. The volume is disjointed and utterly wanting in order and method. The discussion upon Rain, one-third of the book, is thrust in without rhyme or reason, in the very middle of that upon Air. Repetitions abound over and over again. There are no divisions into chapters to make reference easy; and, beyond all, the style of writing is ungainly and confused to a degree which makes the book not only difficult, but distasteful to read. At best it calls for notice as a summary of experiments and statistics of the highest value for further differentiation and analysis, and as a record of labours carried on in a spirit of patience and devotion to science well nigh approaching to heroism.

The most original and important of Dr. Angus Smith's experiments were made at the expense of a voluntary martyrdom. In the course of the inquiry for the Mines Commission, the need of a closed chamber for testing the principal agents in atmospheric deterioration was forced upon his mind. In such a laboratory, better than in the mine, could he hope to analyse and determine the amount of impurity engendered by candles, by gunpowder, and by the human breath, as well as that due to the less bulky

* *Air and Rain; the Beginnings of a Chemical Climatology.* By Robert Angus Smith, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S. (General) Inspector of Alkali Works for the Government. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

organic substances, such as tallow, tobacco, the human skin, and putrefaction of minor bodies. These manifold sources of miasma mingled in a manner defying separation, but intensely disagreeable even when a smaller volume than a cubic inch of air was inhaled. Upon the ground-floor of a house, fitted to bear the weight, a chamber was prepared of sheet lead, fused into one piece by the application of the hydrogen flame to the edges of each sheet. This chamber was 6 feet long, about 4 feet in breadth, and 8 feet high, its cubic contents amounting to about 170 feet. The half of one end and part of the side opposite was made of glass, which could be broken in case of danger. The door was of lead, except where of glass, hung on heavy pivots, and made to fit closely by means of caoutchouc, though it was not needful for the chamber to withstand any great pressure of air. Through the wooden framework and leaden casing holes were bored at one end, through which passed tubes of glass, continued with vulcanized india-rubber for the extraction of specimens of the air. In this room, accommodated with a chair and small table for apparatus, the contriver, sometimes with a companion or two, spent hour after hour in studying by the test of his own feelings, as well as by chemical analysis, the impurities induced by respiration or by chemical agents artificially admitted. Without claiming to be peculiarly sensitive to evil airs or odours, his love for keen, fresh air is perhaps beyond the average, as he feels an actual pleasure in east wind. Still, in the pursuit of science he could "bear anything in the way of air," and thus kept from himself all such evils as might arise from imagination, even under the pressure of actual and long-continued discomfort.

The first trial of the chamber was made by simply sitting down for an hour and forty minutes. The result was about one per cent. of carbonic acid. The air, though very moist, at 45° F., felt dull and cheerless, with an unpleasant smell of organic matter, especially felt when moving rapidly through the room. By persons entering as the author left it the air was pronounced extremely bad, though to him it seemed no worse than what we are frequently exposed to. He has not, however, found in ordinary life any air reduced like this to no more than twenty per cent. of oxygen. The second time, after 160 minutes, the oxygen was reduced to 19·61. A series of tables compiled from successive experiments exhibits the results of prolonged combustion both by the test of personal feeling and of objective trial. In Table II., with four miner's-candles, no person being inside, the candles went out after 5 hours and 10 minutes with 18·80 of oxygen and 2·28 of carbonic acid. Table III., with eight candles, one paraffin lamp, and one spirit lamp, shows the different effects of position and of height in the room. The candle nearest the roof went out in 50 minutes, as did one next the window at the height of the table, and one on the floor near the side. One on the table and two window candles went out 8 minutes later, one on the table in 75, one on the chair in 90, and, finally, the last one on the floor in 93 minutes; the paraffin lamp burned 98 minutes, and the spirit lamp 150, the oxygen being then 18·40, and the carbonic acid 2·45. Two or three persons then entered, with candles and a spirit lamp, which were at once extinguished, nor could matches be made to ignite. Still the party could breathe without difficulty for a while, till a gradual and indescribable feeling of discomfort arose, partaking of restlessness and anxiety without pain. The breathing, as in all similar experiments, increased in rapidity, while the pulse fell. Afterwards gas was lighted and burned with brilliancy. On entering after the gas had gone out—he does not say that it went out of itself, so we presume it was turned off—Dr. Angus Smith found candles extinguished as rapidly and completely as if they had been plunged into water. Nevertheless, he and his friends still breathed, though every one felt anxious to go out. Standing upon a chair he felt an incipient faintness; but the senses were not annoyed beyond a feeling of closeness, which he describes as by no means so unpleasant as a schoolroom. And this he considers, with reason, a very significant fact, as it shows the influence due to organic matter, of which there was little here, but much in the schoolroom. "The lungs seemed to refuse expansion, without the senses being able to indicate a reason." The minimum amount of oxygen was not taken, but after the door had been opened for the admission of three persons, it stood at no more than 17·45 per cent. Our faith in the senses as indices or guides is shaken by these experiments. The senses are quite unable to measure and raise an alarm at a degree of closeness represented by 0·1 per cent. of carbonic acid, though they may when there is as much as 4 per cent. The approach of fainting in the instance quoted shows how little the air becomes worse to the senses, while the lack of oxygen or increase of carbonic acid was telling upon the vital act. No room is wholesome, the author considers proved, with less than 20·7 per cent. of oxygen; yet no more is present in many a workshop. A faintness is indeed produced when the oxygen falls to 17·4; but is there no corresponding injury, it may be asked, when the numbers range between these, imperceptible as it may be to the senses? If a man lives when a candle goes out, is it a proof that he is little affected?

Upon the subject of simple and popular tests for carbonic acid in houses, workshops, or mines, Dr. Angus Smith supplies many hints which, if not wholly new, have the merit of being thoroughly practical, as well as of being worked out by careful experiments. The baryta or lime-water test having, after many stages, become accurate in the able hands of H. Sausseure, has since been simplified and made theoretically complete by Dalton and Mr. Hadfield. Petenkofer, working,

our author believes, independently of either, has imparted to the instrument used by him a scientific refinement which has made its employment difficult in mines, where there must be little to carry, little to do, and little to think of. Dr. Angus Smith found his own earlier test valueless in such places, whilst the comparison of precipitates of lime recommended by Dr. Boswell Reid failed long ago, the precipitate changing in physical appearance. Nothing better suggested itself than greater exactitude in the use of baryta or lime. By combination with an oxalic acid solution, a basis was formed for a new method of analysis to which our author has given the name "minimetric." Although carbonic acid is far from being the only impurity in air, its presence and quantity may be taken as the readiest chemical test for the purification of rooms. We have however by the same method the means of determining the presence of hydrochloric acid, sulphuric and sulphurous acids, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other deleterious gases. Dr. Angus Smith's tables give the amounts and strengths of precipitate, corresponding to definite amounts of carbonic acid. As their practical result, the order may be given for any degree of purity required in a dwelling-house or working-place, and an uneducated man can tell at a glance when the amount of carbonic acid is too great. A bottle holding 5·42 ounces is filled with the air of the place, to which is added half an ounce of baryta or lime water, no matter of what strength. On shaking the bottle, if there is no precipitate the air is not worse than 0·4 per cent. For finer quantities a bottle holding 7·06 ounces is recommended. In private houses not more than 0·7 should be allowed. But should we be satisfied with 0·6 or 0·7 per cent. we must take a bottle of 3·78 ounces; if with 10 per cent., which many houses will contain on some evenings, a bottle of 2·46 ounces is enough. If in workshops as much as 25 per cent. is allowed, which ought never to be the case, then a 1·29 ounce bottle will suffice. The use of this simple method would enable us to say, "This is 6-ounce air, that is 4-ounce air, that is 2-ounce air," meaning that 6.4 or 2 ounces of it cause a precipitate in baryta water, or more readily still in lime water, simply prepared from burnt lime slaked with water, and dissolved by shaking, then left to stand in a bottle till clear. "No weighing is called for, no measuring, and we may almost say no thinking." Half the work of sanitary reform is done if in any cottage where a vial and a little lime are at hand it is enough to act on the rule "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a 10-ounce bottle full is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water." Less simple tests are proposed where greater accuracy is required. Rosolic acid has been used by our author, as well as the manganates and ferrates, further particulars of the methods employed being given in a later part of the volume.

Of at least equal importance to healthy ventilation is the amount of organic matter in the air. Upon the presence and action of organic germs, the tests of their numbers, and even of their individual bulk, Dr. Angus Smith gives details which will be fresh and striking to most readers. It is a speculation whether germs of animal or vegetable matter in the air are the cause of disease. But to this he offers a counter speculation, whether germs do not also bring life and vigour. Is it certain, he asks, that the operations of life could go on without these organisms? There is much reason, he thinks, in the suggestion of a scientific friend, that the presence of organic bodies in the air may influence very strongly and strangely the germination of all animals, including the human being. Nor does he see any objection *a priori*, save that of the long and intense cold to be traversed in their passage through space, to the notion of organisms of meteoric origin populating the earth, wherewith Sir W. Thomson last year startled the British Association. Into these more abstract and abstruse portions of his inquiry we have neither time nor scope to follow our author. Nor can we do justice to his ingenious and pains-taking observations upon Rain, the result of twenty years' accumulation and analysis of facts. Few people have any idea how complicated a substance what we call rain practically is. Fully a hundred tables are taken up with the analysis of samples of rain-water collected from various districts of the United Kingdom. The researches of MM. Robinet and Bobierre, supplemented by our author's own experiments, are brought to bear upon the chemical constituents of rain at different altitudes, inland or by the sea, in country districts or in towns most widely differing in conditions. Not only chemical tests, but the microscope, and even the spectroscope, are employed to determine the acid and other elements of impurity. In the series of illustrations the reader's eye is shown the variety of crystals deposited by the rain of Manchester, London, and Newcastle, in contrast with the less contaminated Row Rain from the Gareloch, on the Clyde. To imitate the action of rain, by the process of artificial washing applied to the air, formed a natural sequel to an analysis of this kind. The author was himself surprised to see the figures of the comparative results stand out in such beautiful order. Here are reproduced, from the interesting reports under the Alkali Act, the quantitative measurements of hydrochloric and sulphuric acid, together with ammonia, inorganic or albuminoid, ranging from the pure standard of Innellan, on the Frith of Clyde, to the atmosphere of the Underground Railway. Anomalies slight in degree are at times to be met with in analyses of this delicacy and minuteness. But there is solid satisfaction in seeing matters of so much importance to the public weal brought to the positive test of number and figure, as well as entrusted to hands so thoroughly qualified for the task.

[June 8, 1872.]

HERMANN AGHA.*

"**G**OD in his mercy preserve me from ever falling in love," says a philosophic Moslem in this story, and no doubt there are a good many readers who will be inclined, as they reach its conclusion, to echo the philosopher's prayer. But, after all, there are worse things than a love-story; and at a time when novel-writing seems to vibrate between the sensational and the commonplace, there is room for a revival of the older painting of human passion, above all when the background is a somewhat new and unexpected one. We must confess to a little sympathy with the general indifference to "tales of the East," to the monotony of their social life, the extravagance of their plots, the medley of coarse passion and low intrigue which, in spite of its Oriental colouring, smacks of little but Holywell Street and the Seven Dials. It is some little comfort to find our indifference justified by Mr. Palgrave, and to learn that the common Eastern novel bears "a hardly nearer resemblance to the realities of Eastern life than the *Cato* of Addison or the *Count Robert* of Scott do to the times and persons which they profess to represent." Even *Anastasius*, perfect as it is in its true field of the Levant, "becomes unreal when venturing into the regions of unalloyed Oriental existence." It is on the ground of reality, of a distinct truthfulness in its revelation of this unknown page of Eastern life, that *Hermann Agha* bases its claim to public attention. Its apology, says its author, is "that it is not fiction, but reality; not invention, but narrative." We need not examine the theory of novel-writing which these words seem to embody, for, instead of pinning us down to the boredom and humdrum which they promise, Mr. Palgrave simply uses them in self-defence against the reader's inevitable start of surprise at the strangeness of his story. The refinement of sentiment, the ecstatic purity of affection, the chivalrous devotion, the inviolable truth, the arrow-flight of passionate verse, even the "lilies and languors" which have vanished with the troubadour from the fields of Languedoc and Provence, live on still—if we are to trust *Hermann Agha*—in the Arab tents of the Mesopotamian plain:—

To make love with much warmth, yet more self-restraint; to be content to give and receive the assurance of longing love alone, without hope of attainment, as though the mind were everything and the body nothing; and thus to remain through every vicissitude of life, constant to honour in spite of opportunity, to virtue in spite of passion, and to attachment in spite of separation, however prolonged; and all this till the hour of death itself, an hour welcomed as the seal of inviolable fidelity. This is a thing, I believe, of no rare occurrence among Arab youths and maidens; at least it was so before the gross lessons of Mahometan materialism. Indeed those lessons have been but partially learnt even now, thank Heaven, by the Arab tribes in their own native land; though thoroughly appreciated and practised by Turks, Koordes, Persians, and the like.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of this representation of ideal passion, there is a distinct gain at any rate in clearing our minds of the common notions of Lulu's pouting over the Pacha's new favourite, and Zuleika plunging in her sack to the bottom of the Bosphorus. The truth is, that so far from Mr. Palgrave looking down from the standing-ground of Western purity on the coarseness of the East, his contempt looks just the other way. "The wonder to me," says the sagacious Tantawee who plays the part of Oriental Chorus to the tale, "is not that your Zahra' should have been such, but how her refinement and self-command communicated themselves to, or at least subdued, your coarser European nature." It is the fault perhaps of our "coarser European nature" that there are scenes between Zahra' and her lover which recall the smiles of our youth over the delicate refinements of Lord Orville's wooing, or the superfine modesty of the Minerva Press. But the character of Zahra' has in it a force at which Evelina would have shrunk aghast, and there will probably be as many critics who will stare at the intensity of her passion as there will be coarse European natures who will smile at its idealism.

With Zahra', in fact, the interest of the story begins and ends. Of Hermann himself we may have a little to say presently, but his character is faintly etched beside that of his lady love, and the general tenor of the tale is as wearisome as, to our minds, the tenor of an Oriental tale generally is. It is the usual story of a renegade, in this case a Transylvanian young fellow who had been carried off into slavery by a band of Turkish marauders, who falls in at Constantinople with the inevitable Pacha, accompanies him by tiresome stages to Bagdad, is mixed up with the ordinary plots and intrigues which rage round his master, takes his part in Oriental murders of the most approved raw-head and bloody-bones type, does a little horse-stealing and fighting on his own account, and finally whiskers off the stage in a desperate Bedaween tournament, and is found long after the date of the conclusion of the story smoking his pipe and telling his pitiful tale on board an Egyptian transport in a position of high dignity. But at one moment in his life of adventure young Hermann finds himself looking down from the roof of a summer-house into an adjacent garden, and catching glimpses through the foliage of girl figures moving beneath in some girlish sport. The appearance of a dusky-brown Abyssinian countenance soon cools his courage, but "the very next face that came, as though in a framework of foliage and flowers, was as fair as the first had been dark"—it was the face of Zahra':—

Everything else disappeared around me. I was still gazing,—and how

* *Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative.* By W. Gifford Palgrave, Author of "Travels in Central Arabia," &c. 2 vols. London: King & Co. 1872.

could a lad of scarcely eighteen years of age refrain from gazing?—on that perfect face,—praise be to Him who created it,—forgetful in my eagerness alike of caution and concealment; when by chance,—if, indeed, chance it was, and not rather destiny, hers and mine,—the girl's eyes turned in the direction where I half stood, half crouched forward on the narrow roof, and looked full into mine. An instant after she had moved away, and was hidden from my sight among the trees. A pause followed; then I heard a voice, her voice I was sure,—a clear, bright voice like that of a singing bird,—calling out something, but what I could not understand, to the companions of her play. Whatever the words may have been, their meaning was soon made evident by the result; for, after a few moments of seemingly capricious hurry and bustle, betrayed by the irregular movements of the shaken sprays overhead, there was a patterning sound as of many footsteps retreating in the direction of the house.

When every one else was gone, and all was quiet around, she, the same, came gently, almost stealthily, forward to an opening among the trees, and fixed her gaze steadily on me, scanning me with calm, deliberate inquiry; while I, emboldened by I knew not what hope, leaned towards her from the low roof-parapet, with a look undoubtedly expressive of the admiration I felt. When she had well surveyed me, she smiled,—not passing, but with a purposed smile of satisfied good-will; then waited till I, recovering in a measure my dazed perceptions, acknowledged with look and gesture the meaning of her smile.

Passion of this sort is no doubt a puzzle to the "coarser minds" of the West, but the social severance of the sexes throughout the East leaves no choice between a passive acquiescence in the family arrangement which hands over a girl to her husband like a parcel of goods and the sudden arousing of dormant passion in presence of some casual rencontre. "Then it is that the one meeting, by the very fact of its being unpremeditated and fresh, makes its entire impression at a blow." Certain it is that, however startling it may seem as an incident, the whole of this garden scene is told with a delicious freshness of colouring. Even through the interviews which follow, tedious and superfine as the love-making occasionally is, the impression of Zahra's character is deepened and intensified. We smile now and then as the Arab girl talks of Hermann as her brother, and reduces him to abject penitence for any mention of so earthly a thing as love; but there is a quiet grandeur about the calm force and resolve of her passion which soon raises it out of these little affectations. All the difficulty and danger of the situation she takes on herself. She is betrothed to an Arab chieftain, who is already on his way to Bagdad, and she banishes her lover that she may meet the emergency alone. Her plan, in effect, is to delay her formal union with the Emeer Daghef till she has reached his home, and on her journey thither to contrive an escape which shall unite her with her lover. Unhappily all is foiled by the precipitate action of Hermann, who endeavours to carry her off in a night attack on the Arab camp. He penetrates to her tent, but at the moment of their interview his presence is discovered, and the fierce fight which follows leaves Hermann wounded and baffled to learn that Zahra' has disappeared. Whether such a character is possible in real Arab life, or whether Mr. Palgrave is unconsciously reproducing a purely literary type, the heroines of such love-legends as that of Jameel and Botheyna, or Mejoon and Leyla, we can hardly presume to decide. But it is certain that in its union of passionate impulse with calm and serene self-control, of a maidenly and poetic purity with practical force of temper and intelligence, he has given us a type not only striking in itself but new to our conceptions of Oriental life.

Hermann Agha, on the other hand, in spite of his wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes, remains little more than a sketch. The contrast of the [new religious life with the old, of the new love for the social existence of the East with memories of the Western home from which he had been torn, the gradual purification of the coarser Transylvanian temper by its contact with the ideal passion of the Arab maiden, might in the hands of George Eliot have produced a Tito of nobler nature and with a nobler end. But Mr. Palgrave has missed the great opportunities which his own creation afforded him. Hermann is from his first introduction the devotee of Moslem, but we see nothing of the transition by which the renegade passed from the faith of the Cross to that of the Crescent. In one of the most striking scenes of the first volume the almost passionate enjoyment of the new Eastern life into which he is plunged battles with a cooler and saner judgment of its inferiority to the life of Christendom; but the thought is never followed up, and for all the purpose of the story Hermann might have been born in Bagdad. Nor is the treatment of his passion more artistic. From the first moment he is swept away by a resistless tide of feeling which, save in one or two moments of sickness or depression, never ebbs. Of the "coarser nature" which Zahra' is supposed to subdue we see hardly a trace. As a lover Hermann is one of the most passionate and best-behaved we have ever had the good luck to meet. But we cannot say he is a person to excite any great interest. The sketch of the Bedaween Moharib, on the other hand, slight though it is, has in it great life and power. The young Arab swears to his friend Hermann just such a friendship as David swore to Jonathan, a friendship which only ends in his laying down his life for his sake. To the Bedaween nature, indeed, Mr. Palgrave pays a chivalrous tribute of admiration singularly in contrast with the general estimate of it by travellers in the East. Nothing in his book is finer than the way in which, by touch after touch, he brings out the narrowness of its range, the pettiness of aim imposed on it by the actual necessities of the life of the desert, the silence and suspicion, the greed and craft of the sons of the desert; but with these lower qualities a nobler side of their nature, too—fidelity, a chivalrous affection and respect for women, or such a capacity for friendship as that of Moharib. On the eve of their last raid for

the delivery of Zahra' Moharib faces and conquers one of those strange presentiments which warn an Arab of his death. "When in after days," he says to Hermann, "you revisit the place that is already prepared for me, and the heap of stones which will soon be piled over me, salute me by name, the brother of Leyla, the lover of Hafsa, and wish me peace. I shall hear you, though I make no answer. She too will visit me, and will be with me before long." The troop ride silently across the desert, but the silence of the Arab is, as Mr. Palgrave points out in a powerful passage, not merely a matter of precaution against danger, but the result of an unconscious sympathy with the silence of nature around:—

Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins and the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star, and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze; and, looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn; then vanishes.

Silent; not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight. The Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heaven is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech. The very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared for ever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will. It is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid slopes of sandhills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert over the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.

The attempt, as we have said, fails, and with the failure the book abruptly closes. We see Hermann slowly recovering from his wounds; we hear that Zahra' has availed herself of the confusion to make her escape. But that the two lovers have no happy end to their love we are left to guess from finding Hermann some years after bewailing his misfortunes to the friendly Tantawee. It is a little tantalizing at the very crisis of the story to find the two story-tellers go quietly to sleep on deck, and to be told as a sort of explanatory farewell that the ship has arrived at Jaffa. The close is, in fact, the great blot on the book, but the most "irritating" feature of it is the perpetual interruption of the story by the talk between Tantawee and Hermann. No doubt a good deal of Tantawee's talk is clever and entertaining enough; we are inclined, in fact, to think his description of the philosophical indifference of a great Moslem thinker one of the best bits in the book; but we demur altogether to the practice in which Mr. Palgrave has followed Mr. Helps and others, of keeping, as it were, a tame critic of their own, and perpetually stopping the story to chat with us about it. There are traces of haste about the style of the book, which is often surprisingly careless and loose, and all Mr. Palgrave's objection to false Orientalism has not saved him from lapses into that most vexatious of affectations, the use of Arabic or Turkish names for things which are just as familiar to the West as to the East. It is a little provoking to be sent down to a note to learn that "kahiya" means a clerk, or "kahwah" a coffee-shop. There are of course words which have no European equivalent, and in such cases their Eastern names are indispensable; but our patience gives way when a blow of a dagger becomes a blow of a "khanjar," and the chins of the Bedawees are wrapped, not in handkerchiefs, but "kaffeyehs." These, however, are little faults, and in spite of its defects of style and story, we may fairly expect that Mr. Palgrave's tale will break the spell which has of late seemed to doom the novel of Eastern life to popular neglect.

BOGUSLAWSKI'S TACTICAL RESULTS OF THE WAR.*

MANY readers who will hardly care to face the labour of wading through the mass of personal and historical literature which the Continental press is pouring forth with reference to the late war will yet be eager to know what special lessons may be deduced from it. It is not likely that we shall have another *Retrospect* equal to Captain May's in honesty of purpose and brilliancy of style. Indeed the fate of that lamented writer may well deter any Prussian officer from rashly following his example, and holding up to the light every imperfection of his fellow-soldiers. But even a humbler work of such a class must have a special interest for all professional readers, now that the breechloader has been tested from a fairer point of view than was possible in 1866. For it must never be forgotten, in considering the Austro-Prussian War, that all estimates of the causes of the success which changed the face of Germany agree in assigning a large share to the effects, physical and moral, of the then new weapon which the soldiers of King William carried. The proportion of this share to the whole can never

be exactly known. Some critics of weight have gone so far as to say that the needle-gun made Benedek's chances hopeless from the first; and, if this be an exaggeration, there can be no doubt that it would have made them comparatively small had he matched his adversary better in strategy than was the case. But affairs were altogether different in this respect four years later, when the Prussians, with their needle-gun unimproved, found themselves face to face with an enemy that had taken deliberate pains to outdo them in the weapon of the foot soldier, and had succeeded probably beyond the expectation of either. The Chassepot had proved its excellence sufficiently in the skirmish at Mentana. But the Prussians, as a rule, refused to accept the reports of De Failly's cheap victory over the Garibaldians as any real test, and went into the contest of 1870 as confident as ever in the excellence of their needle-gun—a state of feeling which even their striking tactical successes wholly failed to maintain. They admitted almost from the first that they had at length met a weapon superior to their own. Breech-loader was now fairly and fully tested against breechloader, and the losing side was confessedly the better armed of the two. Naturally the professional student looks eagerly for a work which shall enable him to understand two important questions which are here raised; first, the general modifications of tactics which the use of the breechloading small-arm may be considered certain to impose on all armies; and, secondly, the special causes that made the better weapon of so little practical weight in the great struggles of the Franco-Prussian war. Captain Boguslawski's work is the first attempt to expound these matters from a scientific point of view, and, despite a very unpretending preface, it has a thoroughness in its treatment which atones for some excess of patriotic zeal, and for a certain tendency to run into irrelevant matter in the effort to bring the whole subject completely before the reader.

Thus, though designed to set forth, as the title indicates, the tactical results of the war, large sections of the work are devoted to the former histories of the armies engaged, and to what Continental writers call the logistics of the struggle—the general arrangement of the forces—as well as to the strategy, strictly so-called. These, as well as certain considerations as to the respective reinforcing powers at the call of the two nations, we shall purposely pass by, in order to glance at the chapters which refer specially to the subject of tactics proper.

Captain Boguslawski takes great and not unnecessary pains at the outset to point out clearly the difference which we have already indicated as underlying all proper comparison between the wars of 1866 and of 1870. The undoubted superiority of the Prussian weapon, as admitted in general terms by the well-known *Tactical Instructions* issued by Benedek to his Northern Army, induced the Austrian commanders to try systematically a plan the opposite of that on which their opponents had been trained—a decided and sharp attack with the bayonet *en masse* being over and over again repeated at the very commencement of an engagement, and being met and repulsed on almost every occasion by steady defensive firing with the breechloader, often maintained chiefly by the skirmishers. The counter-attack of the Prussians came later, and was usually made in looser order than the Austrian charge. In fact throughout the Austrian commanders followed literally to rashness the teaching of Benedek's instructions, hoping, as their chief had promised them, fairly to surprise, and as it were run down the enemy by the fierceness and rapidity of their onset. It need hardly be said how completely Benedek and his followers were undeceived. The needle-gun showed itself, in steady hands, quite superior to any such attacks, however desperate; and where any success was bought by Austrian valour, as at Trautnau, it was purchased too dearly to affect the general course of the campaign. Throughout the brief contest, however, the general features remained of a decided distinction in the national modes of fighting, due plainly to the difference of weapons. But all this was quite changed in the struggle of four years later, in which, as our author shows, the infantry contest on both sides almost invariably took the form of scattered, and frequently individual, fighting. The dissimilarity of formation came into little notice, he adds, but there were very great distinctions observable in the manner of firing, and in the general conduct of the action. And none was more remarkable than the contrast between the apparent timidity of the French generals, keeping them constantly to a mere defensive, and the boldness and independence with which the German chiefs of divisions or brigades threw themselves at once into the attack, availing themselves of all the circumstances of the moment to forward its efficacy, and especially keeping in mind the general maxim adopted in their service, to try by all means to gain the enemy's flank. Very possibly, it is fairly said by our author, the apparently timid tactics of the French were forced upon them by their being strategically surprised at the outset, and that by much larger numbers. He conjectures that to these causes may have been superadded a false calculation as to the effects of the breech-loader when defensively used, and as to the special value of the field intrenchments which they were disposed from the first to resort to. The fact remains certain that, adopting generally the loose form which the Prussians had already found so effective, they employed it in a very different spirit, as though bound to cling altogether to the defensive—the easiest part to copy of the example of 1866.

They showed this over-caution conspicuously even at Mars-la-Tour, where, as Boguslawski very justly says, they had every

* *Taktische Folgerungen aus dem Kriege 1870-71.* Berlin: Mittler. 1872.

possible reason to take a bold offensive. The remarkable audacity which the Germans had acquired proved itself here especially when the IIIrd Corps actually took and held open ground from a far greater force of the enemy, though at the cost of losing 7,000 of its numbers. For, as the author in a later part remarks, direct attacks in front, except with overpowering force, cannot succeed, if they succeed at all, without great expenditure. How dangerous they are likely to be to those who try them he illustrates very forcibly by the well-known circumstance of the first and fruitless attempt of the Guards on St. Privat. How dominant the notion of outflanking was in the minds of the German generals is clearly shown by the success of the later advance on this position, and not less by the general disposition of the united Third and Fourth Armies at Sedan. The French, on the other hand, appear to have held to the older notion of making decided attacks on the enemy's line when once extended to thinness; but their attempts to carry out this theory of counter-attack against the outflanking foe were too partial and ill-sustained to have any weight. The army, says our author, is in very evil case which in these days permits itself quietly to be outflanked or surrounded in hopes of breaking the enemy's line with a counter-stroke.

The chief peculiarities observable in the German attack during the war he sums up at the close of a very interesting chapter under four heads:—(1) offensive movement against the flank of the enemy, followed afterwards by attack upon his centre; (2) powerful co-operation of artillery in preparing the way for the infantry; (3) great development of the use of skirmishers; (4) and a limited action on the part of the cavalry. When on the defensive the Germans chose their ground more carefully than the French, making, for example, much more use of wood as cover; they concentrated their artillery fire more completely, and made a more suitable and careful use of their musketry fire. The French, on the other hand, in their usual defensive attitude, had also marked peculiarities, in (1) the deliberate manner in which they allowed themselves to be outflanked; (2) their isolated and partial counter-attacks; (3) their constant use, *like their adversaries* (the italics are our own), of heavy swarms of skirmishers; while (4) their artillery had its effect weakened by being constantly broken up, and showed plain want of good handling on the part of the chiefs. To these remarks it is added that the cavalry, however brave, showed little judgment in acting as though breechloaders did not exist. The features of the French offensive, where it was tried in the earlier part of the war, were bold and sudden advances made with large masses, firing a great deal too much and keeping themselves back in so doing, and the opening of fire at absurd distances. In the second period of the struggle the want of good leading and inferiority in technical efficiency were constantly manifest as the causes of the awkwardness and early failure of the French attacks, wherever made. Having given this *résumé*, it is only left for us to add that the chief deduction to be made from it has not been as clearly brought out as it might be by the author. It is that all infantry actions are now become actions of skirmishers. We have no space to enlarge on this truth. We can only recommend those who doubt it to study the facts of the late war closely, as set forth by such writers as Captain Boguslawski. He who is not then convinced is either incapable of conviction, or unwilling to resign a cherished tradition, wrongly understood; we allude of course to the historic steadiness of our British infantry, a quality which may be either used or abused according to its application to the conditions of modern warfare.

It is not our purpose, even did our limits permit, to give a detailed criticism here of a work so important as that under notice, which happily is now made generally accessible by an authorised translation. We shall rather transcribe, as a single specimen of the valuable lessons it contains, the author's account, subject to some needful compression, of a kind of action repeated over and over again during the later part of the war between two isolated battalions—the one of the highly trained Prussian infantry, the other of the raw levies that vainly tried to face them:—

Our Prussian battalion [says Captain Boguslawski] formed into company columns, and apparently on the defensive, is placed behind a swell of the ground, the approach to which is probably partly screened from view by other undulations. Three companies are in first line, one in reserve. The échelon, very possibly twice its numbers, extends his skirmishers when about 1,200 yards off, and advances at a double to within 300. Opening at first a moderate fire to cover the movement, he is sending some of his companies, screened by a dip of the ground, to turn the left of the Germans. But these, beginning to answer his attack with dropping shots, at once draw a rapid rolling fire from the whole militia line, which their officers vainly strive to check, and which is given with such haste as to do little harm. The Germans now in their turn make a sudden movement forward, the supports keeping close to their skirmishers, and the whole moving at a double to clear an open space lying within 300 yards of the foe, beyond which they have descried a new line of cover. The suddenness of this advance disconcerts their adversaries, who forget in their excitement to lower their sights, and shoot wildly over the heads of the Germans. These from their new position now fire heavily on the line close to which they are planted, and at the same moment the left of this line finds itself threatened by a flank attack, a counter-stroke to that at first attempted by its own detachment. This disorders the nearest files at once. A small reserve of the militia which is in hand is ordered up to meet the danger, but its insufficient training causes a bungling delay in the necessary movements of wheel and extension, during which it receives a murderous fire from the hostile skirmishers close at hand, and falls back presently confused. Just then the line is attacked in front by the advance of the main German body. The rest may be left to the imagination.

In this typical case the German battalion has been shown taking the offensive. But if the process be reversed, the result would be altogether different. For the disciplined soldiers will

not throw away their ammunition wildly on an enemy 800 yards off. They will, on the contrary, reserve it, and so shatter his attack when he attempts to pass the open plateau 300 yards in front. And the reserve company will wheel sharply at the word in just the fit direction to meet the flanking movement of the adversary, and will send its skirmishers so deftly forward against the partially developed attack as to check it at once, and enable the threatened flank to be cleared by a smart charge. For, adds Captain Boguslawski in closing his comparison, the discipline of militiamen cannot be relied on to teach them how to use their fire to advantage in the most serious moments of an action, whilst their very moderate power of manoeuvring will surely, when a crisis suddenly comes on, cause just the false movements to be made which will create a decisive turn of events against them. We may leave our readers to point the moral for themselves. To us it seems too obvious to be missed, even did the author not give his picture, as he avowedly does, as showing the general character which an action would be certain to assume between the battalion organized on the German system and that of any nation which meets it with mere militia or other partially trained troops, under whatever guise. For if there is one deduction which more than any other can be made certainly from the late war, it is that the looser and freer the tactics of the mass become, the more necessity there is for insisting on the thorough training and discipline of the individual unit.

NOAH'S FLOOD—AN OPERA.

PERHAPS the chief curiosity in this very curious opera is its date—1679. Had a drama entitled "Noah's Flood" been produced some two centuries earlier, it would have been set down among the Mysteries; were such a work published now, it would be traced to the increased familiarity of Englishmen with the Passion Plays of Ober-Ammergau and Spain. But a grave Scriptural "opera," beginning with Noah's completion of the Ark, and ending with the destruction of the Tower of Babel, will, with the date 1679 attached to it, appear to many like an insolent anachronism. Of course Mr. Ecclestone's piece was never acted in any theatre; but it must not be therefore looked upon as one of those "dramatic poems" which are written without any thought of scenic representation, for the author had evidently in view a possible if not an actual stage. With his directions respecting decorations and ballet he is just as careful as with his dialogue; and if Mr. Chatterton, weary of Walter Scott, can overcome the scruples of the Chamberlain (and perhaps his own) so far as to attempt the production of Scriptural drama, here is a book which may be placed at once in the hands of Mr. W. Beverley without further instructions.

Noah's Flood, it may be observed, did not, as might easily be supposed, stand quite alone in its age; it represents a tendency which arose in the days of Charles II., to take portions of the Bible as subjects, not of tragedies or comedies, but of operas—that is to say, works not necessarily lyrical, but nevertheless illustrated by music and such scenery as the age could afford. The classical type of this tendency is Dryden's opera, the *State of Innocence and Fall of Man*, which Nat. Lee pronounced superior to *Paradise Lost*, whence the idea of it was derived, and which was first published in 1674, shortly after Milton's death. Dryden gives stage directions which look as if he had an eye towards Dorset Gardens; but still these are subordinate to his dialogue; whereas *Noah's Flood* is to all intents and purposes a spectacle which requires much employment of machinery, and the effects in which the dialogue is mainly intended to connect.

Mr. Ecclestone, of whom, it seems, nothing whatever is known beyond the fact that he is the author of this opera, derives his inspiration immediately from Dryden; and it may be safely said that, if ever disciple avoided the beauties and exaggerated the defects of his master, that disciple is Mr. Ecclestone. There is a certain grandeur about the *State of Innocence*, small as it may look when placed by the side of Milton's epic; but nothing can be conceived more paltry than *Noah's Flood*, when read after the *State of Innocence*. Something, indeed, like an appearance of impiety is produced by the poet's utter disregard of the Horatian precept, "Sumite materiem," &c.; and had the name, say, of Mr. Bradlaugh been printed on the title-page, the opera might be condemned as a profane burlesque; but the innocence of his intentions is too clear to be mistaken. Even the stupendous adulatration with which he dedicates his work to the Duchess of Monmouth, and which surpasses the servility shown by Dryden in his dedication of the *State of Innocence* to the Duchess of York (Mary of Modena), shows his conviction that he has been engaged on a purely religious exercise. The beauty of the lady is briefly touched upon; but Mr. Ecclestone is convinced that, if her Grace had lived in the old world, she not only would have made an addition to those who were saved in the Ark, but would even have prevented the destruction of "the whole," and he comforts himself with the assurance that, so long as her seraphic form guards the door of the Ark, he need not fear what the malice of a "hell of critics" can do against it. It is to the sanctity of the Duchess that he appeals for protection. It is about the anachronisms which occur in his opera that Mr. Ecclestone is most uneasy. For he does not sin through ignorance, being somewhat of a scholar, familiar, like most poets of

* *Noah's Flood; or, the Destruction of the World.* An Opera. By Edward Ecclestone, Gent. Printed by M. Clarke and Sold by B. Tooke at the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1679.

his age, with the current Roman classics, and competent to quote Plato in the original—Latin. His personages, he is aware, refer in their discourse to things that are supposed not to have existed till long after the days of Noah; but he justifies this eccentricity partly by authority, partly by the ingenious theory, rather hinted than enforced, that, as many arts deemed modern were probably known before the Flood, the question whether it is right or wrong to make antediluvians talk about parchment, as they do in a passage which was censured by some critical friend, becomes extremely hard to solve. The use of this theory, which, if enlarged and judiciously applied, may help many a vague historian out of a mess, is incalculable. When it is once granted that we know nothing of Methuselah, or of the towns and villages that existed in his day, who shall venture to say that he did not eat whitebait at Blackwall?

We proceed to a description of *Noah's Flood*. The “scene being opened”—or, as modern usage would have it, the curtain rising—Hell is represented with spirits, several of whom are seen flying across the stage, while hideous lamentations are heard. Before a word is uttered there is a change, which seems to be without a difference; for we read:—“The scene on a sudden shifts, and represents Lucifer, Beelzebub, Asmoday, Moloch, and Belial, at which songs of joy and triumph are heard, all advancing” (the fiends, we presume, not the songs) from a howling lake of burning brimstone. The fiends, of whom Lucifer is the chief, Satan being only a subordinate personage, are in high glee at the prospect of the Deluge which is to destroy the hated world, and all agree to lend their aid to the work of destruction:—

‘Tis joyful news [says Lucifer] now the great period's come,
And all must wallow in the wat'ry tomb;
The birds and beasts with man confus'd must lie,
And fish in their own element must die.

The last line, by the way, touches on a point which has not been largely discussed by physico-theologians. The great object of the fiends, however, is the demolition of the Ark, which has just been completed, and of all its inhabitants. Moloch proposes to enter the sacred vessel in some borrowed shape, and stir up an intestine war; Lucifer suggests that this operation shall be seconded by an attack from without; and Asmoday, timidly arguing that the Ark which

Cost a hundred years to build with pain
Was never sure designed to be in vain,

is abruptly put down by Satan, with the pertinent rebuff,

Still with fond reason you our acts debate;
Sure we that won the world can conquer eight.

The action is diversified by the entrance of several pious men, who are allured from their piety by divers fair women, “dressed in wanton garments”; the third man, a pedant in his gallantry, remarking, as he points to the charmers:—

All arts and sciences in them appear;
View but their eyes, Astronomy is there.

The prediction of Lucifer, who has observed the unholy proceedings, that a race of tyrants will be the result of these “ill hymns,” shows that the author had in view the association of the Sons of God with the Daughters of Men, briefly mentioned in Genesis and largely described in the apocryphal Book of Enoch. Delighted with the contemplation of triumphant sin, the fiends lie down to repose themselves, and “a song is sung, expressing the joy they take in destroying the world, and how their pains are lessened in having made so brave a revenge.” This finished, several antic dances are executed, and the departure of the fiends brings the first act to an end.

At the commencement of the second act Noah and the Angel Gabriel enter discussing the subject of the coming Flood, in front of a decoration which is curiously described as representing a “glorious sun in its full meridian.” This is soon changed to the view of a “hilly country,” and two monstrous giants, Abaddon and Agon, doubtless the progeny of the pious men and fair women, make their appearance to express the violence of their intentions:—

- A. How calm's the air! What, is his thunder gone? Nay, then, I'll mount the sky and seize his throne.
- A. The trembling moon I'll into pieces rent, And twist the stars out of his firmament.
- A. The sun himself, that doth so bright appear, I'll drag about the sky by's golden hair, Then spurn him in the sea, and quench him there.

These aspirations they reduce to practice, and, observing that the sun apparently leans on the top of a hill, they resolve to assail him without delay, heaping up little mountains “to raise Olympus higher.” The sun “being o'erdarkened with a cloud” stimulates their hopes, as they ascribe the phenomenon to fear; but they are grievously deceived, for some “great flashes of lightning are seen breaking from the cloud that covers the sun, after which dreadful claps of thunder are heard, the cloud breaks in two, and a shower of fire falls on 'em and destroys 'em.” The sun recovering his light, the fiends emerge from the earth to rejoice at what has happened, and to derive gratification from other sources; for at this juncture Despair, personified, stabs herself and dies; a “man-lover” throws herself from a precipice into the sea, and a “woman-lover” drinks a cup of deadly poison. These horrors are relieved by a genteel comedy scene, in which Ambition vainly woos Pride; and then the scene opening discovers an extraordinary

spectacle, comprising “several horrid murthers, drinking to excess, quarrels, broils, rapes, &c.”; whereby the joy of the devils is increased, the act terminating with a view of the infernal regions, enlivened by dancing “in extravagant postures.”

In the third act, which opens in “a pleasant garden adorned with various walks and close bowers, and ornamented with purling rivulets,” an attempt is made to introduce a domestic interest; Japhet, influenced by the powers of evil, being unreasonably jealous of the innocent affection of his wife, Philothea, for his brother Shem. His gloomy meditations come however to nothing, being immediately followed by the appearance of several altars, the sacrifices on which are consumed by a fire from Heaven; and our attention is now directed to Noah, who is highly elated by the favourable omen, and in this happy mind is deceived by Lucifer, who, clad in robes of light, informs him that Heaven has abandoned the project of the Deluge, and commands him to disperse the gathered troop of beasts and birds, confirming the authenticity of his mission by a shower of fire. The imposture does not last long; for “a clap of thunder is heard, Noah and the rest return as affrighted, Gabriel flies down, and Lucifer sinks at the same time,” to rise immediately afterwards in his “horrid shape,” and to hear Gabriel announce that his aggression will be punished by an increase of torment:—

For this deed thou shalt Heaven's vengeance feel,
And on thy head shall fall its pointed steel,
And sink thee down into the deep abyss;
Where, whirling headlong with a direful hiss,
The damn'd themselves shall wonder how you fell,
And you in hell shall find a hotter hell;
For you such torments shall endure, even all
Hell's mighty pains shall seem to yours but small.

Moloch is not more fortunate than Lucifer; for, having attempted to enter the Ark disguised as a beast, he has been repelled by “an angel's mystic charm” that did his “soul and spirits both alarm.” Stratagem having failed, force is to be essayed; Moloch concluding the soliloquy which ends the act with the declaration:—

By strength alone our force we must declare,
And 'gainst the Ark proclaim an open war;
We'll the whole pow'r of the four winds let go;
They east and west, and south and north, shall blow,
Till by their blasts the Ark they overthrow;
Then we'll rejoice over this conquer'd ball,
With dreadful hollows (*sic!*) triumph in its fall.

The fourth act opens with the horrors of the Deluge, the scene presenting men and beasts of all sorts promiscuously swimming together, and the Ark floating on the surface of the waters, while one hill remaining above the waves affords a footing for some of the survivors—namely, three men, who meditate on the vanity of human greatness, and a woman with children in her arms, who touches up her maternal expressions of despair with this pretty conceit:—

My aid, dear children, you in vain implore;
I've giv'n you all, and now can give no more,
Unless I do anticipate your fears,
And drown you all in deluges of tears.

Evidently not thinking this situation strong enough, Mr. Ecclestone changes his scene, and discovers a throng of women and children on the highest mountains, who on a sudden are all overwhelmed with the waves. The scene again changing before a word is uttered, we have Pandemonium, with the principal fiends in council. They are speedily joined by Moloch, who, soured by disappointment, commences the narrative of his defeat with blasphemy of a kind that smacks less of Pandæmonium than of Billingsgate:—

Hell and Damnation seize this mystic sense,
And curse upon the eye of Providence.

One almost misses here the cautious “H—” and “D—.” Force is then unanimously resolved upon, and the devils vanish to reappear in another scene, representing all destroyed but the Ark, which is swimming on the surface of the waters. According to Lucifer's instructions, the Ark is literally to be attacked on every side:—

Ho, Moloch! loose the Eastern wind; let go,
Belial, the West; both shall together blow.
You, Asmoday, must rule the Southern wind;
Ho, Beelzebub! the stubborn North unbind;
Whilst I and Satan, like two mighty whales,
Toss up the Ark with our impetuous tails.

The Ark is nearly overturned by the fiends, but angels descend in flaming chariots, and, amid thunder and lightning, drive them into the deep; a brief speech uttered by Noah, who is shown in the interior, expressing the confidence of the good man in the care of Heaven. The Miltonian Sin and Death now make their appearance—we cannot precisely say in what place—and display in their discourse a subtlety of thought which faintly adumbrates the debates on Free-will and Predestination in the *State of Innocence*. At a first glance it might be supposed that these two evil beings would naturally desire the destruction of the Ark. On the contrary, they are acute enough to perceive that at this particular juncture their own interest coincides with the will of heaven:—

SIN. So, monarch-like, you reign o'er everything,
Except the Ark; you're universal king;
That Ark, which, like the world, if it should be
O'erthrown, you, next to that, will ruin me.
Then shall your empire end; so soon as I
Do leave this world, you too—yourself—must die.

DEATH. Since I have had such plenty and such store
Of all varieties, what need I more?
Therefore ne'er fear I will mankind pursue
So far, as to be forc'd to prey on you.
You are forbidden fruit, and if I try
To taste of you, I, when I taste, must die,
And lose this earthly paradise, and be
For ever lost in vast eternity.
So, for your sake the Ark shall safely sail,
And on the waves, as they o'er all, prevail.

With the descent of the chosen family from the Ark, after the waters have subsided, the fourth act terminates; the Archangel Gabriel expounding to Noah the brief universal law which preceded the Decalogue, and saying in reference to the rainbow:—

To confirm his promise he hath bow'd
His royal signet in you rorrid (torrid?) cloud.
In such a form the painted arch appears,
As moaning Heaven seems e'en to smile in tears.

Whereupon Noah remarks:—

But in such pleasant moaning, such a shroud
It seems to be an hieroglyphic cloud
Of grief and joy, and intermix'd so fine
The artist Nature shows her pow'rs divine;
And in the bow no death nor arrows seen,
But the whole scene is peaceful and serene.

The drunkenness of Noah, followed by the curse on Ham, opens the fifth act, the story being told with more decency than might have been expected from a writer under Charles II., blessed with such dubious taste as Mr. Ecclestone. The consequences of Noah's trespass to people in general are shown in a more lively manner; for Sin, in a "rich, gaudy, loose attire," heads a jovial party of devils in human shape, who are especially delighted when "a fair vine-yard arises, loaden with beautiful grapes." One of the guests lyrically observes:—

Since then nature doth show
Which way we must go,
We'll squeeze out the liquor and call the juice wine,

Whereupon Sin, in somewhat ambiguous language, caps him with the distich:—

Though flat on the grape, though thick on the vine,
See how it doth sparkle; see how it doth shine—

afterwards encouraging the revellers with the lively stanza:—

Here's a palm for those souls
That drink off most bowls,
And so let the goblet go round;
For he that drinks most
Shall the victory boast,
While his head with this garland is crown'd.

In spite of Mr. Ecclestone's indubitably pious intentions, we strongly suspect that this was his favourite scene. Elsewhere he merely indicates the place for a song, and leaves to another bard the task of supplying the required article; but he is determined that the Bacchanalian effusion shall be his own. Of his private life biography, as we have stated, says nothing; so in the absence of information we may be allowed to conjecture that a certain sympathy with Noah's one weak point had something to do with his choice of a subject so manifestly beyond his powers.

After it is just beginning to become lively, the opera ends dismal with the abortive attempt to build the Tower of Babel. Noah and all connected with him have resigned possession of the stage to Nimrod and his associates, who have the unthankful mission of bringing about a most lame and impotent conclusion.

Though this notable work does not seem to have answered the expectation of its publishers when it appeared in 1679, it was evidently a fertile source of hope; for in 1685 it came out again as the *Cataclysm*, and still again as the *Deluge* in 1691, when an attempt was made to render it palatable by the addition of engravings. Even in 1714 it had not quite slipped out of notice, for some adventurous booksellers who clubbed together, and who seem to have thought that Mr. Ecclestone's name was its only drawback, restored the original title, *Noah's Flood*, but asserted that it was a new work by an unknown author. The present article refers to the first edition only.

COLERIDGE'S LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.*

IT is curious that the two most widely known and popular Saints of the Roman Calendar should have the same name. Next to Francis of Assisi, Francia Xavier bears not only the most familiar, but the most highly reverenced, name among Protestants of the whole number. Both have been commemorated by the Protestant hagiographer, Sir James Stephen, and the life of Xavier has also been written by Mr. Venn, of the Church Missionary Society, who speaks of him personally with admiration and respect, if he is somewhat disposed to depreciate the success of his labours. His present biographer is not of course likely to err in that direction, and in one respect he is certainly inclined to over-credulity. But, on the whole, he has done his work with critical discernment, and gives us, as might be expected from a first-classman and late Fellow of Oriel, not only an interesting, but a scholarly sketch of a life remarkable alike in itself and in its

attendant circumstances. And we quite agree with him that there was room for such a work. There is no Life of St. Francis, at least in our language, which at all "satisfies the requirements of our own time," either in critical sifting of the mass of heterogeneous materials, or in the important point to which Mr. Coleridge has called special attention, of presenting us with a full and vivid picture of the personal character of the Saint, as gathered from his own letters and from well authenticated anecdotes of his sayings and doings. It is quite true that we of this age "value above all things the minute points of character and shades of feeling which can only be discerned by close and faithful study of the mind and heart of some one in whose history we are interested, and we set the highest store on such biographies as make this study most easy to us." And this leads us to add that what might perhaps at first sight appear a disqualification is really a recommendation of the author for the task he has undertaken. It is hardly a paradox to say that the life of a Jesuit missionary could only be adequately written by a Jesuit; certainly not, as experience has clearly proved, by a Protestant. No doubt a biographer ought not to be a mere blind panegyrist—and Mr. Coleridge's Oxford training is some guarantee for his discrimination in this respect—but, on the other hand, he must have that hearty sympathy with his hero which implies a kind of hero-worship, or he will lack the capacity for bringing out those delicate shades of character and feeling whereby alone the man himself can be revealed to us in flesh and blood. This is peculiarly important in the case of a nature "tender, sensitive, sympathetic, prodigal of affection, to an extraordinary degree," and it is the object which Mr. Coleridge has had in view, as well in what he has himself written as in his selection of Xavier's letters. So far as the present volume enables us to judge, it is only fair to say that he has succeeded. We get a clear view, not only of the outward incidents of the Saint's career, from the time when he first met Ignatius Loyola at the University of Paris, but of the development of his character under the influences brought to bear upon it, and the secret of the wonderful influence he exercised over others.

In his first chapter Mr. Coleridge is led to notice the origin of the Jesuit Society at the University of Paris, which he compares, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Tractarian movement at Oxford in our own day; and he very rightly calls attention to the peculiar facilities for such a purpose afforded by what was then the great centre of the learning and intellectual life of Europe, frequented by many thousands of students in the prime of life from every Christian country. "The severe orthodoxy of the Spanish seats of learning," he candidly admits, if it saved them from heretical teachers, also suppressed the stir of mind and conflict of argument necessary for the starting of any great movement. In our own day Universities have become national rather than cosmopolitan institutions, and the system of clerical seminaries introduced by the Council of Trent has in most cases withdrawn or greatly diminished the supply of Roman Catholic students of theology. Mr. Coleridge does not add that the seminary system, though decreed by the Council of Trent, was mainly the creation of the Jesuits themselves, who were by no means willing to trust their disciples to the liberal atmosphere of a University where their Order had its birth. We are glad, however, in view of the strenuous efforts made by a powerful Ultramontane school to suppress the study of Greek and Roman classics, to find him insisting that "the Catholic Church has from the first sanctioned their use in the education of her children." The great instrument of Ignatius in gaining his first recruits, as it was afterwards one main weapon of Francis, was not so much preaching as "spiritual conversation," which naturally suggests to his biographer the analogy of Socrates. Xavier evidently possessed in a rare degree that charm of manner which seems to have been an heirloom in the Stuart family, and which is of course an inestimable advantage to men who are the apostles of any great movement, religious or social. It is clear also that he made full use of another, we will not say less legitimate, but less direct, means of influence in his missionary enterprises. The great national conversions of the middle ages were in large measure effected through the influence of the ruling powers, and the baptism of Clovis or Vladimir was naturally, if not necessarily, followed by the baptism of the great body of their subjects. Francis was by no means slow to avail himself, whenever opportunity afforded, of similar aid. When he arrives at the Court of John III. of Lisbon he is never tired of praising "the religious disposition and zeal of this excellent King," who gave strict orders that the pages of his household should go every week to confession, because, if the young nobles grew up what they ought to be, the common people were sure to follow their example. On similar principles the Portuguese bishops urge Francis being sent to India, "because they think that in that case some Indian King will be converted;" and he congratulates himself, in two of his letters to the Society at Rome, on being despatched with the highest recommendations and favours from the King of Portugal, on account of the facilities thus offered "for carrying the name of Jesus Christ before the native Kings of India, with whom, as every one knows, the authority and influence of the Portuguese governor is supreme." We find, accordingly, that the conversion of the Paravas was effected by a judicious "mixture of religion and policy." The Portuguese helped them to throw off the yoke of their Mahometan conquerors, on the condition of their receiving baptism, "and the whole people was rapidly baptized." It would be very unjust, however, to Francis to suppose, as has sometimes

* *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.* By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. I. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

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been hinted, that he was content with the mere mechanical process of baptizing the children or the whole population, and took no care for the Christian instruction of his converts. Far be it from us to enter here on the thorny controversy about "baptismal regeneration," but it is only natural that a believer in that doctrine should attach high importance, as Francis clearly did, to the baptism of infants, a large proportion of whom were of course sure to die in infancy. But this was a part only, and a small part, of his work. The following extract will give a fair idea of his usual method of procedure, and this must be our excuse for its length:—

The circumstances under which the Paravas had embraced Christianity naturally directed the attention of Francis Xavier to the children, in the first instance, as the best hopes for the future, and it was his principle, as we have seen in his work at Goa, to attach immense importance to elementary instruction, catechizing, and the like. His first occupation, however, was the simple act of charity to go about and baptize the infants who were as yet unbaptized; and to this, and to the care of the sick, the dying, and the dead, we find him afterwards recurring when he found himself from time to time unable to communicate with the people around him on account of ignorance of their language. Then came the great labour of translating the Catechism into the Malabar tongue, which he tells us occupied him and his catechists for as much as four months. The next step was to learn the new Catechism by heart, and to go from one village to another teaching the simple elements of Christian doctrine in the native language. We may well imagine with what bright affectionateness and gentle condescension the Saint made his way to the hearts of the swarms of Indian children who gathered around him, who soon began to take so important a share in his missionary work, and whose prayers he constantly solicited when about to incur any extraordinary danger. After a little time, as he tells St. Ignatius, the children would not leave him alone; he had no time after his daily rounds and course of teaching to say his office, take his slight repast of rice and water, or the scanty rest which he allowed himself. They were never tired of learning prayers from his mouth. His evenings were also devoted to receiving visits of persons who had any questions to ask him or wished to consult him, and it was then too that he attended to such matters as bringing about reconciliations or rectifying irregular marriages.

The account given in the letters which we have last inserted of his method of catechizing tallies exactly with a paper drawn up by him for the instruction of the catechists of the Society in India, which was long preserved in the archives of the College of Goa. The catechist is to begin with the sign of the Cross, the two boys are to repeat in a loud clear voice the *Pater Noster* (in the native language) after him. Then he is to invite the people to profess their faith and make acts of the three great theological virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity. The exercise of faith consists in the *Credo*, which is to be gone through, the people being asked whether they firmly believe each truth, and then praying to our Lord and His Blessed Mother to give and obtain for them the grace to do so, reciting the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. In the paper just mentioned the *Credo* is summarized, rather than simply repeated article by article, the truths about our Lord and the Incarnation being grouped together, and at the end, after the people have professed their belief in the existence of Hell, Paradise, Purgatory, the sacraments, and all that is taught by the Church, the catechist instructs them to pray to the Holy Ghost for His seven gifts, those especially which can help them to believe the Catholic faith. Then follows an act of hope and an act of love and contrition. After this preliminary service, the catechist is to proceed to the explanation of some particular truth, or of some virtue, or one of the sacraments, or the doctrine of prayer, and the like, speaking very plainly and simply, and adding an "example," a story at the end to illustrate the argument. Then he is to recite with the boys the form of general confession, bidding the people meantime make interior acts of contrition or sorrow for sin for the love of God, then three *Ave Marias* are to be recited, one for the absent, the others for any particular intention.

The catechist on these occasions was generally a layman, and he was instructed, in the absence of any priest, to baptize new-born infants, publish marriages, preside at public prayers, and perform other religious offices. The supply of clergy for these missions seems always to have been very inadequate, and that not merely from the difficulty of getting men of mark to enter on so uninviting a field of labour, as from the pressing need for their services at home. The clerical standard of the day was very low, especially in the matter of preaching. The number of priests who devoted themselves to the active duties of their calling was, we are told, comparatively small, and even in Rome it was unheard of for sermons to be preached except in Advent or Lent; and, as a result of clerical laxity, "it was strange to go often to communion" for the laity, and "in many places the frequentation of the sacraments had died out." In India the small European population had become utterly corrupted by the influences of climate and other surrounding circumstances, and the vices of their Mahometan neighbours; so that their evil example, as so often happens—there being "no exception to this lamentable truth in favour of Catholic nations"—was one main impediment to the conversion of the heathen. This was perhaps one reason which inclined Francis to turn instinctively for relief to "the multitude of children, who did not know their right hand from their left"; but he also had that peculiar attraction for children which is not uncommon in men of simple and pious character, and which has often been observed, though it might not *a priori* have been looked for, in the celibate Roman Catholic clergy. "The young boys," he says, "would never let me say office, or eat, or sleep, till I had taught them some prayer." And the same feeling shows itself in the frequent references in his letters to Francis Mancias to "the boy Matthew," who had evidently been a favourite of his, but whom Mancias, a stern, stolid, unsympathetic kind of man, was unable to manage, and was constantly making complaints of. We have another illustration of the simplicity of his character in his sweeping indictment of the "class of men among the Pagans called Brahmins," who are summarily disposed of as "cheats and liars to the very backbone"—a somewhat hasty generalization from the more prominent specimens that came under his notice, which, as his biographer observes, were principally of a low caste, and his information on the influence of castes generally in India was very imperfect.

We have already said that in one particular Mr. Coleridge appears to us to be over-credulous. He says, indeed, what is no doubt true, that "the standing miracle which seems to have broken down all opposition was the heavenly character and charming sanctity of Francis himself." But nevertheless he makes very large demands on our credence in the matter of miracles of a more direct and physical kind. He freely admits that these are never, or hardly ever, referred to by Francis himself, the one exception specified here being what certainly cannot be called a miracle at all in any strict sense of the word. And he replies, reasonably enough so far, that we have no right to deny details which "not only person of singular holiness, but of ordinary modesty and good sense," would be unlikely to talk about, simply on the ground that he makes no mention of them. We may further allow that it is impossible, as repeated experience has proved, to draw any hard and fast line which shall cover all the miracles of Scripture, and exclude the existence, or even possibility, of any later miracles in the Church; and it is very difficult, to say the least, to reconcile the denial of their possibility with any intelligent belief in theism. Still it is only reasonable, considering the many temptations to self-deception or fraud, that the evidence alleged for such occurrences should be vigorously scrutinized in each separate case. This the author promises to do "further on"—we presume in the second volume—as regards the gift of tongues, which is claimed for Francis by all his biographers, though not by himself, and which Mr. Coleridge seems to understand in his case, as in that of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, in the sense that "the same sound fell in many languages at once on the ears of his hearers." We will therefore say no more of that at present. But he certainly does not give us any very convincing evidence for the numerous miraculous stories of other kinds, including several instances of dead persons raised to life, which we are asked to believe. One of these stories, said to have been related many years afterwards by an eyewitness when eighty years old, is so very quaint, reminding one of some of the medieval legends about the earlier St. Francis and his control over the animal world, that we must be pardoned for quoting it as it stands. Francis had dipped a favourite crucifix into the sea, "to appease a storm," but dipping was apparently insufficient, and, like Polycrates' ring, it went to the bottom. Next day they landed, and Francis, who was much grieved at his loss, was walking along the shore with Fausto Rodriguez, who thus relates the sequel:—

When they had walked half a mile, and were now many miles away from where the crucifix had been lost, "behold a sea-crab runs out of the sea on to the shore with the aforesaid crucifix, holding it in its claws on either side, upright and lifted up, and so ran to Xavier and stopped in his sight. And Xavier flung himself on his knees, and the crab waited until he had taken the crucifix from its claws, and then ran back again into the sea whence it had come. And Xavier kissed and embraced the crucifix, and crossing his arms on his breast, lay prostrate on the ground in prayer for half an hour, and his companion, who was by his side, did the same, thanking the Lord Jesus Christ for so strange a miracle."

We may be reminded, of course, of the prophet's axe which floated on the water, but it must be allowed that the intervention of the crab adds a picturesque element to the tale. To most readers, however, the miraculous colouring of the narrative will form a very small part of the interest of the Life of Francis Xavier, whatever precise amount of credence they may be disposed to attach to it. The "standing miracle" of his unselfish devotion and indomitable energy constitutes his truest and abiding claim on the reverence of later ages. And the proofs of that miracle, at least, do not depend on the Processes of Canonization, or the hearsay testimony of partial or ignorant admirers. We hope Mr. Coleridge will continue to labour in a department of literature for which he has here shown his aptitude. To find a Saint's life which is at once moderate, historical, and appreciative is not a common thing.

THE BOOK OF SUN-DIALS.*

OF the three successive chroniclers of time commemorated in a passage of *In Memoriam*—

Every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels—

the hour-glass, the dial, and the watch—the second in order, if not in date of invention, is the second also in point of ingenuity. The "garden god of Christian gardens," as Elia has it, is so subtle and exact a measurer of the sun's course that until, in the seventeenth century, clocks superseded it, it is no wonder that it occupied the serious attention of mathematicians, a great branch of whose studies was dialling. With the scientific history, however, of this venerable device, the clever and popular author of the work before us wisely refrains from meddling. Her own judgment, confirmed by that of a learned friend, Mr. Nasmyth, has prompted her to keep clear of the astronomic, and confine herself to the romantic, aspect of dials—their poetry, namely, and their moral teaching. Readers might resent being gravely told that a sun-dial is "an instrument for measuring time by means of the motion of the sun's shadow cast by a style or gnomon erected on its surface," or that dials may be horizontal, vertical, equinoctial,

* *The Book of Sun-Dials*. Collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, Author of "Parables from Nature." London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

[June 8, 1872.]

tial, or cylindrical; and they might insinuate that such knowledge is nowdays more curious than useful. So she confines herself to the definition of it as "a timepiece of shadows"—a definition, as she shows, still applicable,

though instead of shadows being thrown from trees, pillars, or buildings requiring a large extent of space, we have, as it were, gathered them up into the small compass of a foot or two of level boards, producing them by a bar of iron or wood raised at a proper angle from the surface. These dial plates are marked round by regular lines of division, which show the places in which the shadow will fall at each successive hour; and, indeed, agreeably to the need of the times, the sixty minutes of each hour were soon marked off also.

On the history of the sun-dial also Mrs. Gatty bestows only secondary attention, though she devotes an introductory chapter to this and collateral matter. It seems to have been in earliest use among the Chaldees, from whom it was borrowed by the Jews and the Greeks, from the latter of which nations the Romans copied this, as they did most other things. A glance is given at the palm-dial and the pillar-dial, primitive contrivances of Egypt's early-ripe civilization. Mrs. Gatty's matter may be compared, without discredit, with that collected by Sir G. Cornwall Lewis in pp. 177-83 of his *Astronomy of the Ancients*, and it will be found that she has reproduced in her preface, in her own pleasant way, the chief facts noticed by that learned inquirer. We have, for instance, Thornton or Warner's translation of the fragment of Plautus preserved by Aulus Gellius, wherein the parasite denounces the invention of sun-dials because they disconcert his hours of eating, and disestablish that best of all time-gauges, his stomach. We also find the later reference in the epigram of Lueian to the dial of the Greeks, on which the letters of the alphabet representing the Greek numerals six, seven, eight, nine (*i.e.* from noon till four o'clock), spell the Greek word ΖΗΘ, or "Enjoy thyself," and suggest to dwellers in a warm climate the fitting time for siestas or other congenial relaxation. This and other allusions remind the reader that the dial must always have been most at home in the sunnier climates, as indeed is indicated by the fact that it abounds in the towns of Italy and the South of France, and is still in vogue in the mosques of Turkey and the gardens of China and Japan. There is yet another interesting aspect of sun-dials—that connected with archaeology—on which Mrs. Gatty leaves nothing worth saying unsaid in an appendix of "further notes," touching upon the most remarkable dials at home and abroad from remote ages until now. But it is impossible not to feel that the real and enduring interest of these devices centres itself in the legend or motto which in most cases points a moral to the lounger, in an instructive *sise viator* style. We agree with Mrs. Gatty that it is not handsome on the part of one of her correspondents to describe these mottoes, which many find "more touching than tombstones," as "a compendium of all the lazy, hazy, sunshiny thoughts of men past, present, and in posse," and to say that "the burden of all their songs is a play upon sunshine and shadow." To such an assertion the *Book of Sun-Dials* is itself the best of answers, for it is full of wisdom and instruction, at the same time that it enshrines not a little wit and drollery. The dial motto is, as it were, a sister or cousin of the proverb; and as "the voice of proverbs is the people's voice," we cannot doubt that these quaint sayings will find welcome and acceptance long after the more prosaic uses of the dial are a thing of the past.

Not seldom indeed, if people spell out the legend round a sun-dial, they will find an old familiar friend with a new and learned face. On an old dial on Guilsborough school-house, in Northamptonshire, is inscribed the hexameter,

Fronte capillata, post est occasio calva.
Opportunity has hair in front, but is bald behind.

And, as Mrs. Gatty notes at No. 221, the tag of the line stands for a motto on two churches in Hampshire and Dorsetshire. The Latin line is as old as the second Christian century, but we all know more intimately its English correlative, "Take Time by the forelock"; and though Bacon in his essay on Delays, quoted by Mrs. Gatty, may have had the Latin in his mind, we feel pretty sure that when Shakespeare wrote, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "Let us take the instant by the forward top," he thought of Old Time as personified in our vernacular adage. It is curious to find the advice on early rising which begins "He that will thrive must rise at five," inscribed in the centre of a dial face in front of an Elizabethan house near Baschurch, Salop, with the Corbet crest, and the date 1560—an early occurrence of a very English proverb. Another motto not seldom to be met with on dials is Martial's beautiful thought, "Pereunt et imputantur," referring to the days or suns that are lost for ever, yet are nevertheless counted in our reckoning. As Cotton says of them in his *To-morrow*:

They post to heaven and there record thy folly;
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive.

This last instance indeed is one that answers well the description of a proverb or a dial inscription. The merit of both is much the same. A dial's admonition should be short, terse, and pregnant with reflection. Of this character is one which is said to have been inscribed on the dial of the Vicar of St. Petrox, Dartmouth—"Allez-vous," or "Pass on," which our matter-of-fact English reproduces at High Lane, near Disley in Cheshire, as well as on a Yorkshire church, in the form of "Begone about your business." According to the industrious Mr. Timbs, this was the motto also of the dial that ornamented the east-end

house of the Inner Temple Terrace, and was removed in 1828. Mrs. Gatty quotes from *Notes and Queries* the Temple account of the origin of the motto in this collocation. The Benchers had fixed a day and hour for furnishing the artist with a motto for their new dial, and the audience was to be given in the library. When he kept his appointment there was only a pre-occupied old bookworm to meet him, and he, ill brooking interruption, cut matters short, and unconsciously satisfied the end and object of the visit by the churlish *congé* "Begone about your business." But the briefer French motto seems to us, as indeed to Mrs. Gatty, to have more right to the parentage of this inscription than the surly Templar's rejoinder. One of the prettiest and most speaking of these mottoes is on the circular dial over the porch of what was the church of our authoress's father in Yorkshire, "Fugit hora, ora"; another in the garden at Hall Place, Berks, "J'avance," is the more happy as the owner's crest is a "horse." Others of like brevity are "Moneo, dum moveo," "Orimur, morimur" (the former word over an increasing, the latter over a decreasing, series of figures), and the curious canting motto, "Mox nox," which is an exceedingly neat abridgment of the Greek *Ἐργασία τὸν νύκταν*, adopted from the New Testament for the dial at Abbotsford. As good as the Latin, and better than the Greek, is the heraldic motto of Sir Walter Scott, near where he lies by the ruined arch of Dryburgh Abbey, "Watch well"; and a kindred inscription elsewhere seems to suggest the same wholesome warning, "Venio ut fur." More original, without being much less terse, is the motto on a Nottinghamshire church-dial, "Now is yesterday's to-morrow," *à propos* of which Mrs. Gatty appositely quotes Macbeth's famous words. But we must not seem to imply that there can be no merit other than brevity in these sermons on stones or in metal. The motto on the dial in the Nuns' Garden at Polesworth, near Tamworth, having reference to the Tree of Life and Knowledge in Eden, is not amiss:—"Hortus utramque tulit; nos et meditemur in horto"; the death's head and cross-bones, and the apple, which serve to embellish it, sufficiently fix the allusion. Again the couplet on a Tuscan dial (No. 132) is remarkably neat and happy:—

Ista velut tacto cursu dilatibatur umbra,
Transit in aeternos sic tua vita dies.

Nor, indeed, can merit and appropriateness be denied to some of our lengthier English inscriptions. Here is one on a pillar in Shenstone Churchyard, near Lichfield:—

If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
The time; for, lo! it passes like a dream.
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
Of hours unblest by shadows from the Cross.

And here is another from the library window of Arley Hall, in Cheshire, which is engraved on the same dial as the favourite motto, "Horas non numero nisi serenas":—

May the dread book at our last trial,
When open spread, be like this dial;
May heaven forbear to mark therein
The hours made dark by deeds of sin;
Those only in that record write,
Which virtue, like the sun, makes bright.

An acrostic epitaph on a favourite dog named Neptune, on a dial's eastern and western sides in the Vicarage garden near Sittingbourne, is given in p. 67. It runs (for the acrostic is repeated) to the length of fourteen lines, and is therefore too long for quotation, but those who turn to it will agree that it is not a word too long for perusal, nor too commonplace to be worth preservation.

One or two of the dial mottoes cited by Mrs. Gatty have a claim to notice on the score of historic interest. On one fixed on Tutbury Church, in Staffordshire, the place where Mary Queen of Scots tarried last on her way to Fotheringhay, is inscribed "Dies nostri quasi umbra, et nulla est morta." In New Palace Yard, just where the old clock-house stood, according to Strype, a dial is inserted in the second pediment of the new buildings inscribed, "Discite justitiam moniti." Blackstone tells us that Chief Justice Hengham had to pay the cost of the clock-tower, in the reign of Edward I., for having lowered a fine out of compassion for a man's poverty. The motto, which by the way should have been noted as coming from Virgil, *Aen.* VI. 620, obviously alludes to the mulcted judge. Another inscription (No. 199, p. 74) on a dial in the gable of a house in Priestgate, Peterborough, breathes at once the piety and loyalty of a broken-down Cavalier whose initials are W. H., and point to one of the Hakes, who long held the mansion. The date is 1663, and the loyal legend ends with "Vivat Carolus Secundus." Of some mottoes the flight of time has made enigmas—*e.g.* the inscription in the cloisters of Chambéry, "Dum proficit d—t," where "deficit" is the supplement or complement suggested by a friend of Mrs. Gatty. A mutilated inscription in Malvern churchyard, on the dialled top of an old mortuary cross, has two legible words, "Hinc—disce." Here the moral would be obvious, had we not reason to know that there was a context, which might enhance or qualify its point. In the dial motto of the church of St. Pierre, in Switzerland, the requirements of metre lead us to suspect an ellipse at the close of the first verse and the opening of the second. It is given as follows:—

Hora fruit, culpe crescent, mors imminet;
Heu, vite corrige facta tua.

To make an hexameter of v. 1 there is only needed the imperative "ora," which points the moral; to make a pentameter of v. 2

there is nothing wanted save the reinforcement of the word "jumonet" from the first verse, which would, in such a collocation, be very effective. An instance of critical acumen and innate skill of interpretation is given in the emended reading of a motto in Piedmont. It stood thus:—

Sol tempo di Saturno il dente edace
E del pallone il giocatore fallace;

and obscurely pointed to Saturn's devouring his children, and to the Italian game of pallone, which is a sort of tennis. A Venetian gondolier, well read in Dante, when asked to interpret the couplet, suggested "temo" for "tempo" and all was plain. The translation then ran, "I only fear the devouring tooth of Saturn, and the inexpert players with the ball"; and the allusion meant that the style or gnomon fears alike Saturn's wet weather, which corrodes iron, and the bad ball-player, who may throw his ball against it and break it (pp. 102, 103). In the motto of the dial near Notre Dame, Paris, either the artist or the copyist has made a faulty hexameter; for obviously "Machina, que bis sextas juste dividit horas" ought to be rearranged "Machina bis sextas que juste dividit horas" (No. 153); and in the clock and dial motto of a Florentine convent, "Fugit et non recessit Tempus," we would suggest that "recessit" is very canine Latin for "comes back" (p. 35). The false quantity which Mrs. Gatty detects in the couplet (No. 292) may be remedied by reading "gressum" for "gradum"; and it is comforting to find that we English are keener to detect flaws than our Continental neighbours. To return for a moment to elliptic mottoes, a not uncommon one in England is the device of "*We shall*," which finds its complement in the thing whereon it is engraved—*h.e., dial, or die-all*. A various reading in some cases is "*We must*"; whence the good story of the simple parson who, when a clock was ordered for his church, thought he could not do better than copy "*We must*" on its face from the condemned dial—cf. p. 133. There are indeed not a few good stories connected with dial mottoes. Such is that of the Welwyn garden dial, the truth of whose words, "Eheu fugaces," was proved by thieves or wags absconding with it shortly after its setting up. Such also is the suspension, by a wag, of an old edition of *Practice in Chancery* on the gable of a dial in Lincoln's Inn, which bore the inscription "Ex hoc momento pendet eternitas." Now and then they become food for punsters—e.g., when the punning Fellow of Worcester proposed as a motto for a mulberry-wood snuffbox the words "Memento mori," (162); and when the Oxford undergraduate, with some glimpse of analogies for his perverse translation, translated for the lady he was lionizing, "Pereunt et imputantur," "They perish and are not thought of."

Our remarks and extracts represent but a tinge of the amusing and instructive matter collected with much skill and tact in the pages of a clever and attractive book. It is enriched with engraved sketches of some of the most curious dials at home and abroad, and is turned out by the publishers so handsomely as to be in form, as well as substance, a drawing-room book. Not, however, that it is this and nothing more, for we are sure there must be few readers who cannot derive profit, as well as pleasure, from its pages.

MICHAEL TRESIDDER.*

OLD songs can be set to new tunes, and each composer makes his own melody; so in like manner an author can take up an old plot and work it into a new pattern by his individual method of treatment. Indeed there is very little that is novel in plots at all; and the changes to be rung are necessarily on themes well worn, if not always worthy. The ordinary crimes of an undisciplined and passionate humanity breaking away from restraints and violating law, and the crossness of social circumstances in relation to natural rights and personal love, make up, as a matter of course, nine-tenths of the plots of novels. If pity has to be excited, some one must be made to suffer; if horror, some one must be made to sin; and, after all, human action has its limits, though certain of our authors seem inclined to wander into totally untrodden paths in the walks of wrong-doing, and to refashion the possibilities of crime according to imagination rather than fact. Still, as a rule, the Decalogue stands as a finality; and we know pretty well all that can be made to result in a man's history, or a woman's, when the Commandments are broken, and when conscience on the one hand, and society on the other, have to be avenged before the drama is played out. And human nature is pretty well known, though sometimes we come upon descriptions of strange beings who are as little like the men and women we know as if they were anthropophagi, the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. But on the whole fiction, like everything else, has its terminal points, and is confined within boundaries that are not easy to overpass.

Michael Tresidder has no claim to originality of plot, nor to the tragic power of extraordinary crime; nor indeed to much stir or passion anyhow. It is a simply written book, with a very transparent story; the work of a thoughtful man whose dramatic power nowhere rises to the height of genius, though his conceptions are good and his work conscientious. The story is quietly told even where the events are most stirring, and the author's familiarity with the scenery of the place he has chosen for the head-quarters

* Michael Tresidder: a Cornish Tale. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

of his characters gives a certain truthful and natural air that makes up for his somewhat cold and constrained method. Any one who knows the north coast of Cornwall will recognize at once its main features, and to those who love it the evident fondness of the writer for the scenery he describes will be a pleasant point of sympathy. This scene lies on the line of that wide and perilous bay which is enclosed between Hartland Point and Pentire Head; the boldest bit of coast line in England and the most dangerous, but one which has a special charm for those who live by it, and which even visitors learn to love as they learn to love the Lake country of the North or the Welsh mountains. And the tender appreciation of this writer for the nature which he evidently knows so well is one of the most charming characteristics of the book.

The opening of the story is very full of dramatic promise. The bitter quarrel of a proud and resolute father with as proud and resolute a son, on that old, old subject, love, and the voluntary self-banishment of the latter from his home and his very name, rather than give up his beloved; the father's death, still unyielding, but still loving, and his son's obliteration, lead us to hope for stirring work and powerful emotions as we go on. But the pitch is not sustained so evenly as might have been; and the strains that follow the opening chord often fall flat. Yet there was good material for a highly wrought episode in the discovery by Philip Turnwell of his father's connexion with the great Tresidder family, and his heirship to the fine Portruan estate; and the idea of Nicholas himself was too good not to have been made of more account and received more thorough development. Proud, sensitive, loyal, and self-willed, accepting his fate with the dignity of voluntary submission, as one who has made his choice and manfully abides by it whatever the bitter end to which it leads him—eating out his heart in silence, yet never forgetting and never ceasing to suffer—there were elements of tragic passion and infinite pathos in the man, which the author might have used to greater advantage than he has done. His life and sorrows were in themselves sufficient for the staple of a three-volume novel if they had been dilated in the ordinary way; and even in the concentrated form in which we have them, we can without any great stretch of imagination forecast some of the scenes and circumstances which must have presented themselves to the author's mind as available material while he was relating the last supreme event, and which would have added greatly to the interest of the book had they been given, however rapidly. It was perhaps a little out of nature that the father should have written the letter we quote:—

"Nicholas Turnwell,

"I write to you by the name, which you tell me you have adopted, as the act being accomplished, which you have persisted in performing contrary to my express commands, it is impossible for me to consider you any longer as my son.

"Although you have chosen by this marriage to degrade the position to which you were born, I am willing to believe that you have still some of the feelings of a gentleman, and as such I hold you to your promise. You have assured me, that strange as I cannot but think it after your conduct, you still hold the honour of my family and myself in some esteem, and you have given me your word that you will never resume my name, that you will never divulge to your children, should you have any, nor allow your wife to do so, your connexion with me, and that you will never put forward your claim to the succession to my property.

"By carrying out these obligations faithfully, you can make the only reparation now in your power to the father you have disobeyed, and the family you have disgraced.

"As this is the last communication which will ever pass between us, and as I do not wish you to disgrace us still further by starving, I enclose a draft for five thousand pounds. In the sphere of life, which you have chosen to prefer to that wherein you were born, this sum will be sufficient to enable you to start with respectability.

"Portruan Manor,
February 4th, 1830."

"ARTHUR TRESIDDER.

Moreover, granting the natural possibility of such a letter on the father's part, it seems inconceivable that the son should have consented to an arrangement which not only cut him off from his rights, but destroyed those of his children after him. Still, however, there is a certain novelty in the suggestion which has its value; and in these days of threadbare plots and foregone conclusions almost any kind of novelty in a story is welcome.

If the episode of Nicholas Turnwell might have been enlarged and improved upon, so might many other parts of this book had the author given the reins to his imagination and allowed himself free scope. But he has a curious way of checking himself, and only glancing off where we might have expected an enduring impression; and we fancy that towards the end he got tired, and hurried over scenes and events which, had they occurred earlier, would have been more elaborated. The freshness and vigour of the prologue are sadly wanting in the last scene of all, where Lord Ellerton performs his act of Happy Despatch with so much ease; and the graphic indications of Nicholas Turnwell's character and career are lost in all that relates to Ruth. Yet Ruth had a part to play that would have been sweet and pathetic beyond all others had it been either largely treated or suggestively indicated. Although, however, we find ourselves judging the book almost as much by what it might have been as by what it is, we are very willing to recognize its actual good qualities; and *Michael Tresidder* has a fair share of literary merits, though we cannot agree with all its pictures of life. Thus, when Lord Ellerton gives up Lady Margaret Charteris to his friend, with no more compunction and no more passion of regret than if she had been a toy-terrier that Michael might have fancied, and when the pair accommodate themselves to the new arrangement as quietly as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a

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fiancée to be handed over by her lover to his friend, we think the incident strained and unnatural; and the passionless manner of narration makes it appear even less like life. That Lord Ellerton should retire was only right and manly; and that Michael and Margaret should marry was only proper and natural; but the lord might have waived his claim less oddly and more after the manner of ordinary men, and Lady Margaret herself might have objected to be drafted off into the hands of even the man she loved and who loved her, before she had been asked. So when Philip's illegitimacy is discovered, we are tempted to ask why more suggestive play was not made with old Borlase beforehand. He comes too suddenly on the reader. No one expects him. He was made dead in the beginning without a hint at resuscitation, and it is not pleasant to have a dead man come suddenly up from his grave and give witness in a court of justice like a ghost. What could be expected after such an announcement as this?

He thought of her history. Her father had been a clergyman, and came of a good race, but they were very poor, and when five years before, Ellen had fallen in love with—though he was some years older than herself—and married the still handsome sailor Richard Borlase, who had worked his way up to the ownership of one or two small coasting vessels, she had met with little opposition from the scruples of family pride.

Eighteen months after the marriage, her husband had been tempted to earn more for his wife, by undertaking a distant voyage, which promised great profit. Unfortunately, a great storm had overtaken him on the coast of Africa, and for three years and a half Ellen had lived a widow in this lonely cottage.

Certainly one could not expect that he would reappear as an octogenarian when his testimony was the one thing wanted for the rearrangement of affairs; and we cannot help feeling that our author has got himself out of a difficulty more by sleight of hand than by the natural growth of circumstances. Old Borlase is too much of a *deus ex machina* to carry with him vitality or probability, though the fact might have been made good use of if differently treated. There is always life in suggestiveness. A thing that has to come as a surprise comes with best effect after the reader's mind has been in a manner unconsciously prepared for it. Hints, allusions, circumstances the meaning of which is seen now only darkly, but which, by after illumination, are understood clearly and distinctly enough—all this kind of preparation gives a cumulative value and a sense of artistic growth, which the sudden and unrefined introduction of a surprise misses. If Borlase's possible existence had been hinted at and kept before the reader's mind as a thing that might be some day proved, there would have been the additional interest of speculating whether it was so or not, and, if it was, whether it would be brought to light in time, which is now wanting. All good work hangs together in this manner; and the sense of growth we have spoken of before is as necessary to perfection in art as in nature. Nevertheless, with all its shortcomings, *Michael Tresidder* is a pleasant and readable story, and, if not powerfully dramatic, is at least pure and tender.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS, June 17, 20, July 2, 4, and 6.—NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—All Competitors in Solo Classes will be required to bring their own Music, as well as Copies for the Accompanist, at the Private Hearings, and also at the Competitions, and must be ready with any piece in the list asked for by the Jury. The Competitors will appear in alphabetical order. The names of Singers will be given in the list, and each Singer will be allotted a number to each. After the Competition, the number of the successful Competitors will be placed in a large type upon the Handel Orchestra. Each Competitor chosen by the Jury will be allowed the option of naming a Solo and Duet, subject to approval, to sing at one of the Concerts to take place after each Competition. The title of the Solo and Duet must be sent to the Office of the National Music Meetings as soon after the Private Hearings as possible.

By Order.

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R. N. FOWLER, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.

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34 Old Bond Street, W., June 8, 1872.

F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

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